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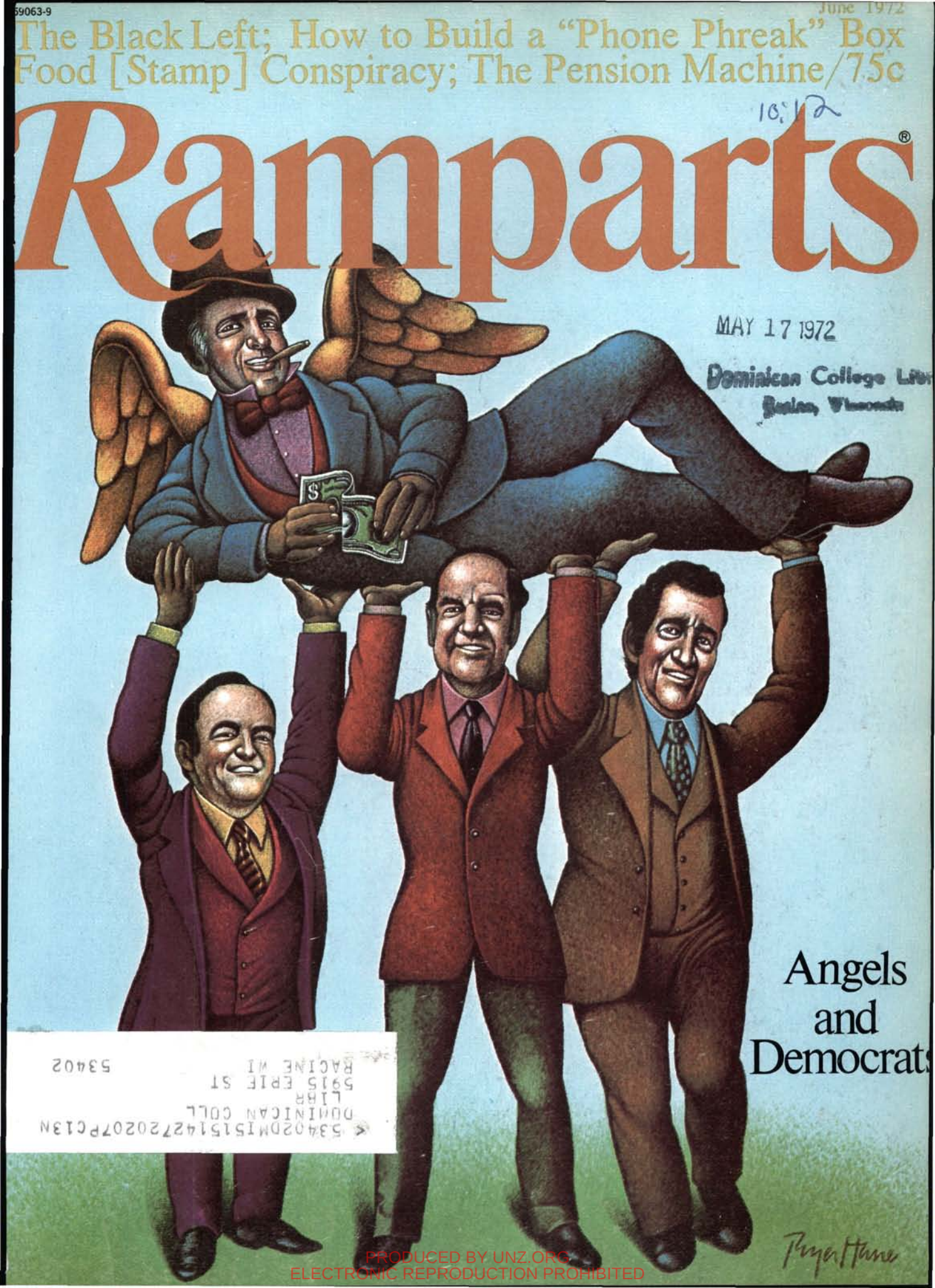

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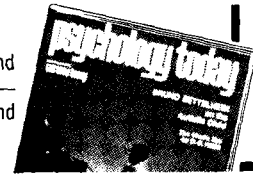

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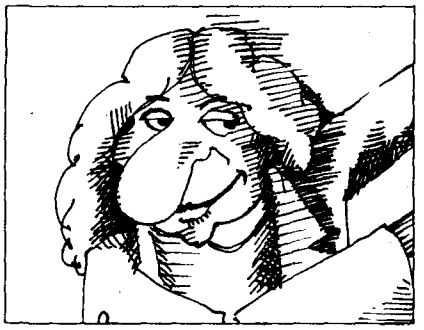

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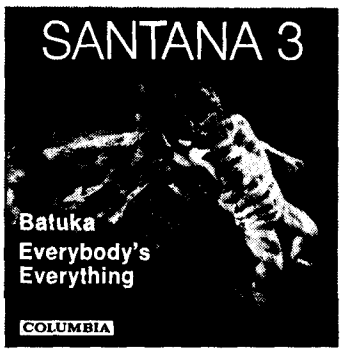

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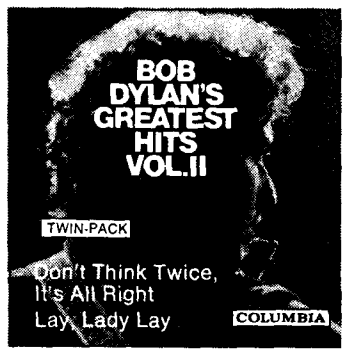

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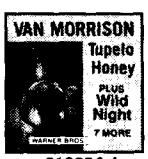

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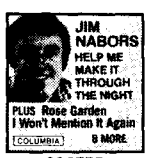

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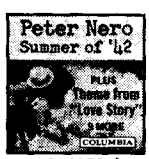

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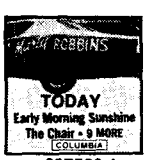

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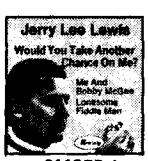

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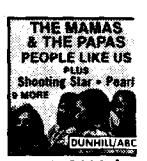

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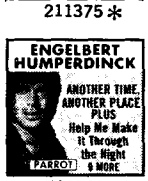

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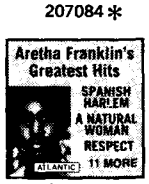

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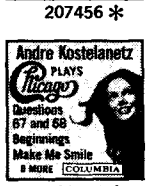

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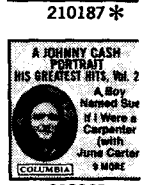

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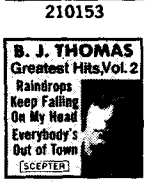

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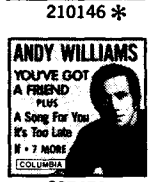

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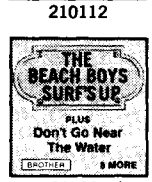

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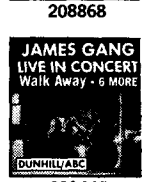

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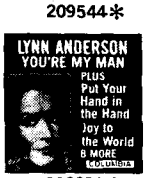

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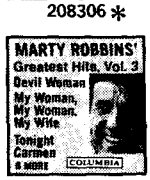

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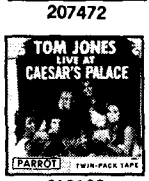

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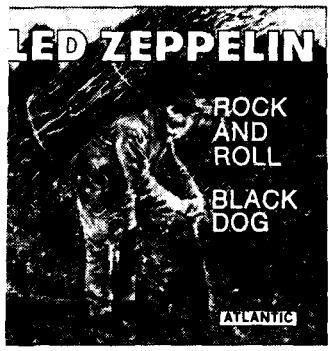

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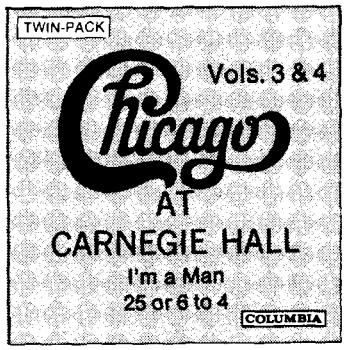

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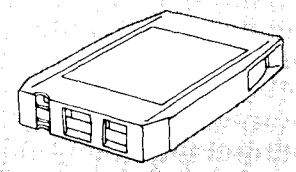

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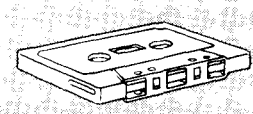

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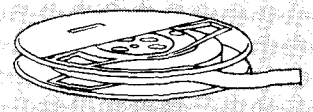

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Electoral Politics: The Candidates Reply

IN THE EDITORIAL ESSAY "Vietnam and the Elections" which opened the April issue of RAMPARTS we observed that the call for U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam, once dismissed as extremist or naive, had at last become politically respectable. Withdrawal had in fact become the dominant theme of Vietnam policy among this year's Presidential candidates. At the same time, we noted, the clear principle of this demand was being clouded and distorted in the turgid mainstream of American electoral debate. And we called upon the anti-war movement in the coming months "to sharpen the demand for withdrawal and establish the clearest possible mandate for it."

In an attempt to follow our own advice, RAMPARTS wrote to each of the Presidential candidates, presenting to them a list of seven questions on their plans for peace in Vietnam. We received replies from Rep. Chisholm, Sen. Humphrey, Sen. Jackson, Sen. McGovern and Sen. Muskie. The letters from Chisholm, Humphrey, McGovern and Muskie essentially consisted of the candidates' point-by-point responses to our questions over their signatures. In the following commentary we have taken these questions one or two at a time, and grouped together the answers of these four candidates for comparison and analysis. Sen. Jackson's letter did not direct itself to the specific questions in a parallel way, so we are printing it in its entirety in a box on page 10. Of the Democratic candidates who remained in the aftermath of the Wisconsin primary only Wallace and McCarthy did not respond to our questions. Since Rep. McClosky had dropped out of the race in March, and Richard Nixon didn't answer, we drew a blank on the Republican hopefuls.

We posed seven questions; while the original numbering is maintained, the results are discussed here in a different order. This allows us to set out first the common thrust of the four candidates' policies and in a sense proceed from the easy questions to the hard, from the shared assumptions to the problematic implications.

1. Shall the United States permanently withdraw all its armed forces (soldiers, sailors and airmen) from Vietnam on the sole condition of an agreement for the repatriation of prisoners of war, timed to coincide with our withdrawal?

2. Shall the U.S. similarly withdraw its armed forces from all of Indochina on the same single condition? What about U.S. bases in Thailand?

CHISHOLM:

1. I firmly believe and stand for an immediate total withdrawal of *all* U.S. forces from Vietnam; with the sole condition being an agreement for the repatriation of prisoners of war.

2. I also believe that it is imperative that we withdraw our armed forces from all of Indochina. I must further support a withdrawal of U.S. influence on the lives of those who seek a preservation of their culture.

HUMPHREY:

1. Yes.

2. Yes, although in regard to Thailand the critical point is that these bases not be used for strikes in Indochina. The question of leaving these bases altogether is a longer term proposition, involving issues that go beyond the Vietnam war; this calls for further study at the Presidential level.

McGOVERN:

1. Yes. It is important to note, however, that leaving U.S. forces in South Vietnam to defend the Thieu regime is a circuitous method of achieving release of our prisoners. I am convinced that they will be returned within the framework of Article 118 of the Geneva Convention on prisoners of war, which provides that prisoners will be released without delay "after the cessation of hostilities." This requires a complete American disengagement from hostilities against all parties in Indochina. I want to point out, too, that I do not regard this U.S. withdrawal as a negotiating position—it is instead a course of action which I fully intend to implement. The McGovern-Hatfield Amendment did not urge the President to negotiate our withdrawal; rather it *required* withdrawal by cutting off funds for the war.

2. Yes. The bases in Thailand have no justification other than to attempt to exert U.S. influence over the internal politics of Southeast Asian countries. The withdrawal must, of course, mean an end to all military operations, including bombing, anywhere in Indochina.

MUSKIE:

1. Yes. I have consistently supported this position in the last few years. On February 2, I urged that "We must set a date when we will withdraw every soldier, sailor, and air-man, and stop all bombing and other American military activity, dependent only on an agreement for the return of our prisoners and the safety of our troops as they leave." I do not believe that an agreement for the safety of our troops as they leave would be in any way a problem; the basic exchange would be a complete end to American military participation in the Indochina war for the return of our prisoners.

2. My proposal includes our military activity and personnel in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. I would therefore not make use of our bases in Thailand and elsewhere in Southeast Asia for activities related to the Indochina war. I would otherwise approach the issue of bases in Thailand and elsewhere in Southeast Asia in the context of efforts not only to promote detente between the U.S. and China but also with regard to the effect that either maintaining or removing our various bases would have on the possibilities for accommodation among Asian nations themselves. Clearly, we do not need to maintain anything like the number and size of bases we have now in Southeast Asia.

6. Shall the U.S. set a date by which it will carry out its withdrawal (as specified in the preceding answers) on the same single condition of an agreement on repatriation of POWs?

7. What date?

by David Kolodney

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CHISHOLM:

6. Yes, it is most essential to any effective withdrawal that a time certain be set and announced.

7. As a date for total withdrawal of U.S. forces, I propose July 1, 1972.

HUMPHREY:

6. Yes.

7. I was co-sponsor last year of the Vietnam Disengagement Act which called for withdrawal of all our troops by December 31. I still support any subsequent deadline within six months. I endorsed this principle when I supported all the Mansfield amendments calling for a withdrawal date six months after the particular legislation was enacted.

McGOVERN:

6. Yes.

7. The single limitation should be a calculation of time required to accomplish the physical withdrawal. Last September an American general who has been responsible for transport of supplies in Vietnam told me that all equipment worth salvaging, along with all U.S. manpower, could be moved out within 90 days. That is the date I have been proposing but it is, of course, quite possible that withdrawals since then have considerably shortened the time needed.

MUSKIE:

6. Yes.

7. The earliest possible date.

The basic impression one gets from these responses is that all the candidates gave the right answers, namely: yes, yes, yes, and soon. The most striking difference is on the Thailand bases: McGovern's readiness to part with them and to define their objective without euphemism has a forthright ring in contrast to the geopolitical waffling of Muskie and Humphrey on that issue. Of course, how far McGovern would pursue the implications of this attitude for the American role in S.E. Asia, or for U.S. fleets and bases which "exert influence" elsewhere, remains an open and interesting question.

But, Thailand aside, in these four questions we have the basic elements which have come to be widely accepted as the Peace Alternative to Nixon's policy of war. It is a program that took shape in the divisions and debates within the U.S. Senate. The periodic gathering of the Senate doves to fight for various amendments from the Hatfield-McGovern to the Cooper, Church and Mansfield, in the absence of an aroused and visible popular movement became the most dramatic center of political opposition to Nixon's war. Now these Senatorial initiatives, whether they won or lost, or were diluted in the House, or arrogantly flouted by Nixon himself, seem to have defined the content of Presidential peace politics. And one of the problems we find is that a Vietnam peace settlement, negotiated with a House/Senate conference committee, is treated as if it had already been negotiated with the Vietnamese.

McGovern distinguishes his plan for withdrawal from a negotiating position: it is not an offer coupled with a condition, but an intention coupled with an expectation. At first glance this seems an amiable but moot distinction; as if, instead of signing a peace treaty, we would say, "we all trust each other, let's skip the formalities." But it has other implications that will appear below. While Muskie's formulation sounds more businesslike, most people would accept his summary of the Peace Alternative, "the basic exchange would be a complete end to American military participation in the Indochina war for the return of our prisoners." A consideration of the remaining questions and answers make clear, however, that this "basic exchange" is not in fact a formula for peace or genuine American withdrawal, but a perilous negation of these aims.

BECAUSE THE SENATORIAL definition of the peace issue has been accepted, it is easy to think that, when we turn to questions 3 and 4 which deal with cutting off U.S. military and economic aid to the Saigon government, we are no longer dealing with the meat of anti-war demands, but with the gravy. There are a number of misconceptions involved in this. One is that, if the candidate at least answers Yes on those four questions, then even if he falls down on the others he is nonetheless committed to getting the troops out and ending the U.S. bombing. But a closer analysis of questions 3 and 4 will show the opposite; such a candidate would be committed to maintaining the troops and bombing indefinitely.

3. Shall the U.S. end all military aid to the Saigon regime (whether or not President Thieu should resign) on the same basis?

4. Shall the United States end all economic aid to the Saigon regime on the same basis (with any humanitarian exceptions such as an imported rice dole to be distributed through an agency agreed to by the PRG)?

Question 4 as posed in this way might seem to ask the candidate in effect to recognize the PRG as the government of South Vietnam, and to endorse it at the cost of humanitarian aid. Therefore we sent a follow-up letter reformulating the question to make clearer the intended point, to distinguish granting aid to the country and people of South Vietnam, in a politically neutral way, from underwriting the government we have created in Saigon as the chosen instrument of American power.

The revised question 4 was in three parts:

A. Pending an overall settlement of the war, should U.S. economic aid to Vietnam be of a form agreed to by all the major political forces there, including the Provisional Revolutionary Government (or NLF)?

B. Pending such a limited agreement on aid, should all other aid (that is aid worked out only with the Saigon side of the conflict) be suspended beginning from a "date certain"?

C. What date?

McGovern and Chisholm answered first the original and then the revised question, both answers are included here. Humphrey and Muskie responded after the second letter and were able to take the revised question into account.

CHISHOLM:

3. There is no question in my mind that the U.S. government *must* initiate an immediate halt of all military assistance to Saigon.

4. (Original question) I believe that we can in good conscience leave the *people* a land which we have both politically and economically raped, with-

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out some degree of economic assistance. However, this is an item which must be left to negotiation after total military withdrawal.

4. (Revised question) I believe that multilateral aid should be dispensed, but with the approval of all sides involved. An agreement on the specific mechanics of distribution should be worked out in consort with neutral nations.

I further propose that all military assistance to South Vietnam be ended by July 1, 1972. What sum of U.S. economic assistance is granted to the Vietnamese by the United States should be taken directly from Pentagon funds, and so allocated in the military or Defense budget.

HUMPHREY:

3. Yes, I voted for a 250 million dollar ceiling for military assistance to Laos and 250 million to Cambodia. I am against any further military assistance to Vietnam.

4. With respect to your question on economic aid to Vietnam, I prefer to reiterate what I have already said on this subject in the past. I view economic and humanitarian assistance as a matter which transcends governmental relationships since its primary purpose is to assist people in need and not prop up any particular government. Whereas I am clearly against any continuation of military assistance to South Vietnam, I do favor economic assistance for all of Indochina. I think that the same criteria for aid to South Vietnam should be applied as is applied to other countries. In other words, the need for American assistance and the programs where our money would be channeled would have to be rigorously justified before any approval would be given. Any massive reconstruction program in Indochina would only be undertaken after a settlement had been reached, but I do think that we should focus our attention on this possibility now.

It is likely that future aid programs to South Vietnam, assuming that the United States withdraws and the war continues, would be most acceptable if they had the approval of all major political forces in the country. This approach has been taken by the United Nations in Laos and Cambodia. The United States would do well to study this example and work closely with international organizations in any future aid program to South Vietnam.

Finally, I would say that I do not think aid should become a lever to force our will on other countries. This kind of quid pro quo arrangement defeats the central purpose of economic and humanitarian assistance and rarely achieves the goal it sets out to achieve. The Senate during the recent aid debate expressed a desire to move out of bilateral aid programs and into multilateral assistance where there would be fewer strings attached. I support this orientation.

McGOVERN:

3. Yes. Unless we do we will have no basis for claiming that hostilities between the United States and other parties in Southeast Asia have ended.

4. (Original question) No. The U.S. withdrawal could easily push Vietnam over the brink of economic disaster, and I have no wish to accelerate that process. It is a certainty that the removal of our forces and the end to

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UNITED STATES SENATE
Committee on Armed Services
Washington, D.C. 20510

February 29, 1972

Dear Mr. Kolodney:

Thank you very much for your recent letter and for the advance copies of the pieces by you and by Professor Chomsky. I must say that both articles seem to have accepted, in a totally uncritical manner, the North Vietnamese position in regard to the Southeast Asian conflict. I doubt that such onesidedness can contribute very much to a just and equitable solution to the war, one that is fair to all the parties involved.

Nonetheless, I am happy to respond to the issues raised by the several questions you put forward in your letter. On September 1, 1970, in a letter to President Nixon initiated by Senator Scott and me and signed by 28 other Senators (a copy of which is enclosed), I proposed a multi-step program which would have required *all* parties to the conflict to take affirmative actions toward peace. I continue to believe that this sort of mutuality and reciprocity is an acceptable framework for ending the war.

The President's recent eight-point peace proposal embodies many of the same features of our earlier suggestions. I believe that the President's initiative is a basis for genuine negotiations, and that it is now incumbent upon the North Vietnamese to cease demanding the complete capitulation of the Republic of Vietnam as a condition for halting the killing. I do not believe that the cause of peace is furthered by irresponsible, politically-inspired, criticisms. Indeed, endorsement of the North Vietnamese position by well-known Americans only reinforces North Vietnamese intransigence, thereby prolonging the war.

The diplomatic deadlock should not, however, prevent us from reducing our military presence in South Vietnam. I have said that all of our ground combat troops could have been out of Vietnam by the end of 1971. In any event, it is clear that substantial reductions in American force levels have already been made. These can be, and should be, continued.

On the question of future outside aid to the parties involved in the Indochina conflict, I proposed on February 10, 1972, a mutual big-power freeze on military aid to North and South Vietnam (statement enclosed). It seems to me that this is one useful way of ending—or at least reducing—the role of outside powers in the Indochina situation.

The war in Indochina has proved difficult and painful for all concerned. On April 6, 1968, I said that "contrary to the notions of some critics, our basic problem in Vietnam has not been an arrogance of power. Rather, our basic problem has been to achieve a reasonable compromise with an adversary who has not wished to compromise." That, I am sorry to say, is still our basic problem almost four years later.

Sincerely yours,

/s/

Henry M. Jackson, U.S.S.

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military assistance would result in President Thieu's resignation, and in the emergence of a government which would be capable of negotiating a political settlement. Under those conditions I think we have a responsibility to begin repairing the incredible damage we have done to the people and the terrain of Indochina.

4. (Revised question)

A. Yes. Economic aid should be supplied in forms which cannot be used by the South Vietnamese government as a method of solidifying its political position. An effort to achieve agreement of all parties on the form and distribution of such aid would be the best way to achieve that result; and I would strongly pursue such an effort.

B. Since his entire claim to power in Vietnam is based on our military guarantee, there is not the slightest reason to believe that President Thieu could continue to hold power in the context of our complete military disengagement. Both he and the North Vietnamese and National Liberation Front representatives in Paris have told me this directly. I have to say frankly, therefore, that I think the question is based on an impossible premise. In that light, and considering the potential problems involved in reaching agreement on the kinds of economic aid allowable, I would not favor a total economic aid cutoff in the absence of a multiparty agreement. Interruption of humanitarian aid programs going on now would intensify the suffering of a great many innocent people in South Vietnam, and many of those people are suffering at our hands.

C. As noted above, I would not set such a date, although I think an adjustment in our aid program designed to focus on humanitarian relief should coincide with our military withdrawal timetable.

MUSKIE:

3. With regard to the maintenance of military aid to the Saigon government after American withdrawal, I have said that "we must urge the government in Saigon to move toward a political accommodation with all the elements of their society. Without such an accommodation, the war cannot be ended. And it is clear that the American people will not support an indefinite war either by our presence or *by proxy*." Thus, I would not use our aid to perpetuate a war that benefits only the dictatorial Thieu regime. I would condition our military aid on progress toward a political accommodation (and thus an end to all the fighting) in Vietnam.

4. I would treat the economic aid which serves to support the Saigon government in the same way that I would treat military aid. I would definitely make an exception for humanitarian aid which goes directly to serve the needs of people. (I believe this and the previous answer also cover your more recent questions on how I would handle aid to Saigon.)

It would be difficult not to note first of all what—given the vague Liberal-Moderate-Conservative spectrum that usually places Muskie to the left of Humphrey—would appear to be a surprising result: Humphrey is prepared to go further than Muskie on the aid issue, i.e., to oppose at least military aid.

Both Muskie and Humphrey discuss the question of aid as if the withdrawal of direct U.S. military participation by a certain date could proceed even if the aid issue were not satisfactorily settled. But their plans to withdraw "within six months" or "at the earliest possible time" are proposed as *offers* made on the condition of a POW agreement. They treat Vietnamese acceptance of this condition as a foregone conclusion. However, the North Vietnamese Nine Point Peace Plan has already made clear that they are unwilling to meet this condition of release of POWs unless withdrawal of U.S. forces (Point 1) is accompanied by an end to U.S. support to the Saigon regime (Point 3). (The Nine Points end with: "The above points form an integrated whole.")

This was underscored last January after Nixon made public his "generous offer" and denounced the enemy's intransigent rejection of it. The press spokesman of the North Vietnamese delegation in Paris countered: "In the private meetings we had the very clear impression that the Nixon Administration is clinging to its positions and has not budged an inch on our demands for total troop withdrawal and cessation of support for the Saigon regime." This casts a different light on the Peace Alternative as formulated, for instance, in Muskie's response to question 1. "The basic exchange would be a complete end to American military participation in the Indochina war for the return of our prisoners." Muskie campaigns as if this "complete end" awaited only his election, but in fact it is merely an offer of a deal he already knows to be unacceptable. What would the new President Muskie do when he could not deliver the withdrawal and the POWs? Would he pretend surprise? Would he, like Nixon, denounce the enemy for rejecting his generous offer, and keep on pounding them with bombs to force them to submit.

Any candidate who raises hopes of such a POW-Withdrawal exchange, while balking at a critical ingredient on the question of aid, is playing a dangerous game at best. And McGovern, who proposes to go ahead with our part of a nonexistent deal, is setting the stage for vengeful public outrage if they "stab us in the back" by keeping our boys imprisoned. The effect of McGovern's plan—whether intended or not—would be that for the Vietnamese to act as they had clearly said they would, would be made to seem a terrible breach of faith (not to mention a violation of the Geneva Convention on prisoners as interpreted by McGovern in answer 1).

The question of aid to Saigon then is central, not peripheral, to the prospect of peace, and failure to confront it could end in an explosive resurgence of hawkish sentiment. What exactly is at issue?

For Muskie, with his backing of military as well as economic aid, a commitment to continued dominance for the Saigon regime (*sans* Thieu) is fairly explicit in his answers to 3 and 4. He proposes to use military aid to force Saigon "to move toward a political accommodation with all the elements of their society." He would "condition our military aid on progress toward a political accommodation (and thus an end to all the fighting)." Giving military aid to one side in a war to force it to accommodate its enemies is a novel idea; normally we give such aid to help force its enemies to submit. He does not want "an indefinite war" even "by proxy," but the political accommodation he wants to bring about seems to amount

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to conciliatory terms for a Saigon victory.

Of the four candidates only Muskie proposes military assistance, and only he acknowledges support for a broadened Saigon regime as an *aim* of aid. The others restrict themselves to economic aid, and the aim projected is humanitarian, any benefits to the Saigon regime as the recipient and agent being purely incidental. Now this is really a pretty thin argument. A less likely model for humanitarian effort is difficult to conceive than the U.S. financing of the government in Saigon —a government legendary for corruption, preoccupied with maintaining an army of a million with which to prosecute an abhorrent war, which still manages to channel most of the foreign exchange we provide right back out of the country for the purchase of luxury goods by its pampered elite; an economic assistance program watched over by USAID which functions explicitly as a military adjunct and notoriously as a CIA conduit and cover in Indochina. Can there be any question that, pending a political settlement and a new government, humanitarian interests would be better served if all U.S. financial assistance to South Vietnam were funneled through the Swedish government or the United Nations and programmed and administered independent of Saigon's control or ours?

Rep. Chisholm seems to accept such a plan in her answer to revised question 4 (assuming her second paragraph merely refers to how the aid described in the first should be accounted in the U.S. Federal Budget). Humphrey's second paragraph is tentative and noncomittal. McGovern's argument is curious: The denial of military aid by itself will unseat Thieu, leading to a political settlement. Since the military cutoff will suffice to bring on a settlement, the suffering that would be caused by withholding in the interim economic aid as well would be unnecessary, gratuitous. All the better, one would think, to bypass the Saigon government in the first place through Sweden or the UN. And that will hasten Saigon's downfall, cutting short the unnecessary suffering of continued war while we wait for the military cutoff alone to bring it down.

ALL THIS HAS LITTLE TO DO with the real issues at stake. Access to American money is the principle of cohesion that holds together the structure of the Saigon government's power, its military machine, administrative apparatus, all the greased palms and beholden elites that support it. It is not really even a question of economically starving this entity. Should it become known that the access to U.S. money was *going to be* cut off, this center of power which is the prime instrument of American influence in Vietnam would begin immediately to disintegrate. Humphrey and McGovern apparently accept the possibility of a coalition government in Vietnam, perhaps formed during the early days in office of the new U.S. President. But what a coalition government means depends on how the Saigon structure enters into it, to what extent it remains intact, how much control of its military and administrative resources it retains, what territory it effectively controls, what social elements gravitate to it. If it remains intact, if it can make good use of continued access to U.S. money and backing of American power, then, even though it were the weaker element of a coalition, all is not lost for U.S. strategy in Vietnam. Such a coalition, as we proved in Laos, leaves myriad openings for the U.S. to expand its influence. Compromises can be torpedoed, coups engineered, discord programmed —everything, secret armies, Air America, the CIA, a whole new beginning is possible. But, if a new government is formed in Vietnam on the basis of a disintegrating Saigon regime, the elements of its power dissolved and dispersed, that is a different story.

The weight and unity that our Saigon subsidiary would carry into a new government depends in great measure on the resolution of political and military forces at the moment the settlement is made. And that turns in large part on two things: whether the assurance of access to U.S. money holds it together and whether the bargaining power of the U.S. military threat stands behind it. The North Vietnamese Nine Points call for formation of a new government at a point when both these elements would be absent. The peace plans of Humphrey and McGovern would in effect get around this.

It is worth considering what the offer of withdrawal tendered to the Vietnamese actually amounts to. Nixon is most likely going to offer some kind of dove-pleasing spectacular before election day. (Last January's did leave the opposition speechless, but it was too early to be his last word.) Whatever else it includes, the number of U.S. ground troops in South Vietnam by next January 20 is likely to be relatively small. At the same time Nixon will by then surely have given the Saigon government enough military supplies and reserves to make further *military* aid not critical for some time to come. Now the basic withdrawal plan proposed calls for withdrawing as fast as they can go, those GI s whom Nixon has left around, cutting off the military aid that Saigon hardly needs, and stopping the bombing (or promising to do so as soon as the date certain arrives and the GIs are out). The North Vietnamese are supposed to be rushing the U.S. POWs home at the same rate the GI s leave the South. The exchange: the North Vietnamese give up the most critical political leverage they hold on U.S. policy in Vietnam, the one thing that has kept the war a serious political liability at home, presses us toward a peace settlement, and limits our options of aggression.

In return, they get a few thousand non-combat GIs out of Vietnam and two American promises. The first they can add to their collection of U.S. bombing halts; the second, that military aid will not be resumed, they can file with the similar provision of the 1954 and 1962 Geneva Accords. Presumably if we break these promises we have to return the POWs to them.

If there is to be a coalition government, the question is whether it will be formed with the Saigon dollar line intact, the POWs safe at home, and U.S. airpower, at best withdrawn anywhere from 6 to 48 hours away, standing behind it.

What it comes down to is that each side has one fairly irretrievable concession at stake. For them, release of the POWs. For us, allowing a coalition government to form in a context where the Saigon regime is not backed

(Continued on page 66)

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[Argument]

THE FOOD [STA

NO. THAT'S BANKRUPT HIPPIE MORALITY

THE NEW LEFT AND the counter culture both liked to think of America as a kind of gigantic and bottomless cookie jar. Whenever one needed something, one just stuck one's hand in and came out with some delectable morsel to satisfy present desires. There were poor people and lower paid workers to be sure, but it was thought to be unwise to be concerned about their struggles because such struggles could be easily coopted by the capitalists' bottomless cookie jar. It was in this period that the counter-culture idea developed that one could drop out of the work force and simply live off the wealth of the land. To some this meant actually buying land and creating wealth from it by producing food or other goods. But to most the idea was simply to hustle for bread while remaining in the youth ghettoes or big cities.

Let me make it clear from the outset that I have no objection to hippies choosing to live a certain life-style. Nor do I object to hippies who cannot find employment seeking to get welfare and food stamps. Hippies have as much right to eat as anyone else. But "ripping off" food stamps does not hurt the system; it hurts the poor. The reason is simple: there is not an unlimited amount of money around, and to the extent that it goes into the pockets of employable middle-class dropouts it goes out of the pockets of the poor. The competition for scarce resources is almost always won by the middle-class dropouts, for obvious reasons. The hippies have usually been well trained in verbal skills and communicating that are essential for dealing with the application forms and the welfare bureaucracy that surrounds food-stamp distribution. The welfare worker who may be harassed by restrictions from above, and the supervisors who may be worried that too many people are getting welfare, will often find it easier to reject the poor, inarticulate welfare applicant than tangle with the well-educated dropout.

Isn't it a bad thing, though, that there is this concerted attack on hippies that is manifested through the food stamp legislation? Yes, though to the extent it reflects popular sentiment it is somewhat understandable. Much of the anti-hippie sentiment comes from people who have a stake in the established order of exploitation. But another sort of feeling, often expressed by working class people, is much more justified. "Why," these people ask, "should these hippies be allowed to live off of my labor? They should get a job!" Again, we want to distinguish here between know-nothingism and justified criticism. Most people on welfare and food stamps aren't simply loafers—they couldn't get a job if they tried. But we are concerned with those who *could* get employment if they sought it but who refuse to work on principle and who rip off the food stamp system because they think they are acting as revolutionaries.

If we think about it more carefully, exactly where does this surplus come from? Food, for example, doesn't just pop up magically in the supermarket cases—many people work very hard to get it there. There are farmers and migrant laborers who grow and pick it, teamsters and railroad personnel who transport it, store clerks who package and sell it. It's just not fair that some work while others live off their labor. In fact, it is just this insight that can be used to generate anger at the ruling class. But, instead, the ideologists of dropping out have created a perfect diversion—by pointing their fingers at hippies, the rulers can divert attention from their own corruption. What is critical to understand is that the rulers

(Continued on page 62)

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P] CONSPIRACY

GO AHEAD. THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU noisy people want now? For years you have been droning on about how rich we are, how America has 6 percent of the people and 50 percent of the wealth, while the Third World starves. Then, last year, the line shifted: Now Amerika is descending into that long-wished-for depression, the chickens are coming home to roost, disaster is just around the corner, socialism is the only solution. Snuff out the joint kid, we are off to join the working class, just like daddy did back in '32. And, now that you are working, you turn on the hippies who aren't.

But stop—let us first acknowledge what's right with Heuchler. He carefully and correctly defined the limits of debate. We are talking about "hippies," those who by choice lead dissolute lives of self-indulgence, content to survive by leaching around the edges of the welfare system. Hippies neither work nor do "alternative service" by "political organizing" whatever in this world that is. Our argument then centers upon the worst of us, those without redeeming value, who toil neither in the vineyards of the corporation nor in the fields of the revolution.

Heuchler argues that food stamp foraging does not hurt the government, rather it really hurts the poor. When I get more than my deserved share because I speak middle class English and can connive, lie and mislead, some truly worthy poor person must get less, so says Heuchler. He suggests that each social worker has this little ticket book of food stamps which she must ration out among her clients, hip and poor alike. Heuchler takes his economics from the 19th century, succumbing to a version of the vicious "wages fund" doctrine. Pre-Keynesian economists held that only a fixed amount of money is available for workers and that any attempt to raise wage *rates* would only serve to slice up the pie into a smaller number of larger pieces, putting some out of work so that others may prosper. A useful theory for the employer no doubt, but hardly consistent with modern economics.

Heuchler wants us to work very much like the Little Red Hen wants those who eat to work for their food. The fallacy is obvious: first of all, this is not a barnyard cooperative nor a socialistic society where my laziness requires my neighbors toil. My voluntary Sunday afternoon cutting sugar cane would not mean more shoes for your kids. It makes not a whit of difference whether or not I work, or prosper, or for that matter, starve. A system called capitalism acts as a contraceptive on our economic interdependency. Then why should we work instead of rest? Because idleness erodes our moral fiber? Some say it and I personally believe it true—not working tends to become addictive and, once liberated from the Protestant ethic, I know of no one who has ever been back on that 9-to-5 harness.

And how can you be so sure that you are the political people and we the self-indulgent? Moralizing does not a politics make. It appears to me that we dirty hippies may be more political, albeit unaware of our blessed state, than you new proles think. What is to be the measure? How long we talk of revolution and freedom, how many meetings, marches and movements? Another measure might be the extent to which our own lives stand as examples and change the heads of real people, i.e., those still in harness.

If then we judge the life style by its *effect* and not by some abstract moral principle, we may find that practitioners of the hippie ethic have made a significant dent in America's collective consciousness, more potent and more

(Continued on page 63)

Cartoons by Wesley Goodwin

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HOW TO GET THEM

FOOD STAMPS, CONCEIVED ORGINALLY in 1964 as a sort of political *hors d'oeuvre* for urban Congressmen to whet their appetite for the Administration's agricultural price support bill, attracted little public notice until the "undeserving poor", i.e., communards and "hippies" began to apply for them.

Immediately Senatorial breasts began to swell with indignation. Hard-working Congressional staffers probed the original statute in an effort to construct a legal sieve. One that would let the food stamps flow through to the short-haired poor, but stop somehow before they reached the households of the communal dwellers. Finally about a year ago, Senator Spessard Holland (D., Fla.) announced to his colleagues the new agreed-upon gimmick. Holland decided to redefine the term "household" to "exclude households consisting of unrelated individuals under the age of sixty, such as hippie communes. "This," added Holland rather gratuitously, "is a good provision of the bill." Predicted the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture soon afterwards, "This will take care of those communes."

Well, in Berkeley, the communards began a counter-attack. They've pulled together an *ad hoc* committee to "End Food Stamp Famine." With surprising amounts of support from black people, ordinary poor whites and newly unemployed people, the communards have organized soup lines, sought injunctions against the food stamp regulations and begun distribution of an increasingly notorious pamphlet—notorious because it enables just about anyone to get food stamps regardless of age, income, or life-style. All you have to do, they say, is read the easy-to-follow instructions. These are valid for Governor Reagan's California—the state with the most rigid food stamp guidelines in the country. The Berkeley food stamp conspirators feel that, if they can beat Ronnie's welfare cops, you can get around their counterparts in such relatively civilized places as Mississippi, Governor Maddox's Georgia and Rocky's New York. In other words, guidelines vary from state to state depending on the political heat and the strength of local food stamp conspiracies. For the most complete information on how to get foodstamps, however, you should check with your local office of the National Welfare Rights Organization.

[REQUIREMENTS]

There are seven basic eligibility requirements: residence in the county, cooking or food preparation facility, household, tax dependency, work registration, resources and income.

1. Residence (63-302.1) An applicant must live in the county in which he or she applies. But, "intent to remain permanently in the State will not be a condition of eligibility and no durational residence requirement may be imposed."

2. Cooking Facility (63-302.2) An applicant must have facilities for preparing food (unless he is eligible for delivered meals). But, "this facility need not be conventional kitchen, with formal cooking arrangements." A hot plate or other source of heat may be enough.

3. Household (63-302.3) An applicant must either be living alone or in a related household to be eligible for food stamps. A person is considered to be living alone if he or she is a roomer, boarder, or live-in attendant. A person is considered to be living with others if they are a living unit. This is the anti-commune provision, but the regulations leave a large area of confusion as to how a household should be characterized. "It is possible to divide a structure into separate living quarters (apartments). Sharing of kitchen and bathing facilities does not preclude separate living quarters."

It used to be that the most important issue was whether there were separate food storage shelves for each person in the cabinets and refrigerator. This was based on the Administration's theory that a commune consisted of people who ate out of the same bowl. More sophisticated theorists have decided that a commune consists of people who sleep in the same bed, so it is important to establish separate sleeping areas. But, *"in no case will individuals who purchase and prepare food together be allowed to apply as separate households."*

If you are not living alone, you must be a member of a related household in order to receive food stamps.

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Related means related by blood, affinity, or through a legal relationship. The regulation goes on to state that "The intent of Congress is . . . to 'prohibit food stamp assistance to communal families of unrelated individuals.' " However, "A man and woman living as man and wife and accepted as such by the community in which they live" are eligible for food stamps. (63-302.321).

People under 18 can be considered part of the household if they live with an adult who is acting as legal guardian or performs duties and responsibilities of the parent.

4. Tax Dependency (63-302.6) An applicant who has been claimed as a tax dependent within a year of application is not eligible for food stamps unless the tax-paying household is eligible for food stamps. The Welfare Department will send out a questionnaire to parents in order to verify tax dependency if the facts make it seem likely that the applicant was claimed as a dependent. This provision is aimed directly at students trying to live away from home.

5. Work Registration (63-302.7) An applicant between 18 and 65 years, including persons not working because of strike or lockout, must register with HRD unless: a) they have the responsibility for the care of dependent children or of incapacitated adults; b) they are students registered at least half-time; c) they are already working at least 30 hours a week; d) they are physically or mentally incapable of engaging in gainful employment; e) they are self-employed at a full-time job.

You do not have to take a job which HRD offers if: a) the wages offered are below Federal minimum wages and State minimum wage regulations; b) you're required to join, resign from or refrain from any legitimate labor organization; c) if the work is at a place on strike or a lockout; d) you must spend more than 25 percent of the work time just getting there and back.

6. Resources (63-302.8) A household with everyone under the age of 60 can have up to $1500 in cash, bank accounts, stocks and bonds. A home and lot, a car, personal effects and household goods, insurance policies, tools needed for employment are not considered as resources.

If you are a student, however, your assets count as income. This means that money made during the summer and in the bank counts as current income during the school year.

7. Income (62-302.9) The monthly maximum allowable monthly adjusted net income for households not receiving public assistance is as follows:

If your household size is 1, your maximum net income cannot exceed $170; if there are 2 people, it's $222; if 3, it's $293; if 4, it's $360; if 5, it's $427; if 6,it's $493; if 7, it's $547; if 8, it's $600; and an additional $53 for each person above 8.

On April 1st, the ceiling on maximum eligible monthly adjusted net income for one person will be raised to $180. For two people, to $230, and for three, $300. For larger households, the old figures will still apply.

[Fair Hearings]

When the Welfare Department takes any kind of adverse action, you have the right to apply for a fair hearing. If you apply 15 days from the postmarked date of the notice and the issue is based on fact (e.g. they say you aren't living alone; you say you are—you have your own room, separate cooking facilities, etc.), you can continue to receive food stamps on the same basis as before, until you get a decision from the hearing. That is, in *theory* you can. In *practice*, 90 percent of the persons on hearing are denied continuing aid in such cases. But it's still worth it to file immediately after you've been cut off.

A hearing generally takes from 2 to 3 months, and the red tape necessary for one costs the state anywhere betwen $500 and $900 per hearing. You must be notified in writing of the decision and the reason according to law. By all means, request a hearing from your state department of welfare.

[How to Beat the System]

Unrelated Household Provision. Section your house so that when the case worker comes to see it, all (s)he can see is your room and the kitchen. If the house is not physically set up for this arrangement, try to find one that is (a friend's possibly). A lot of the workers are sympathetic and will try to make it easy for you. You can help make it easy for them (to make it easy for you) by having a good story already prepared. In the above example, the person shared a kitchen and had separate living quarters—a person going to the kitchen would not have to pass through anyone else's living quarters. Use your imagination to make a plausible arrangement, but it is probably better to say you don't share a kitchen.

Another way is to set up your very own kitchen. A hot plate with some cans and a few pots lying around should be enough (or a Coleman stove). A refrigerator should not be necessary. It is possible to eat without one.

Rent. Seeming to eat together or sleep together is still a no-no according to the Federal guidelines. The job of the welfare investigator is to figure out whether or not you do. The old test employed by HEW anthropologists used to be whether or not you had to go through the bedroom to get to the kitchen. (That's right, going through the bedroom . . .) Increasingly that test is being abandoned. The new test is rent payment. If two people occupied the same living arrangements and paid $100 month rent and one of the two left, would the other have his or her rent increased? The correct answer, of course, is "No." If you have a friendly landlord, arrange to pay your rent individually.

Another possibility is adoption. A person can be adopted at *any* age. It is best that relationships be worked out by the people involved, as they will probably be difficult to duplicate more than once.

Work Requirements. The work requirements are somewhat meaningless right now since job markets are tight and should remain so indefinitely. You can however always get around the work requirement by trying to fail job interviews unless the job seems worth taking.

Arrive 15 minutes late for the interview, wearing Levi's and munching a hot dog. When you shake hands with the interviewer, drop some mustard on his sleeve. Belch a couple of times, laugh loudly, maybe even fart. Be sure to answer questions as incoherently as you can. When asked about your previous experience, say, "I like making my contacts by phone."

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Chile

Chile must be the most interesting country in this hemisphere. The peaceful revolution there is as unique as the country's natural beauty and grace. Our itinerary includes a full week of political and cultural events: tours of El Teniente nationalized copper mine, visits to a worker-controlled factory, a hospital, child care center, school and to Che Guevara squatters township, meetings with government officials, politicos from left to right, labor unionists, teachers, and worker-priests. The second week is for vacationing outside of Santiago: the ocean, lakes and fjords and the Andes. June 17–July 2, July 8–23 and August 5–20. Sixteen days, $850 from New York, $925 from Los Angeles.

East Africa

As Chile offers a new Latin American political model, so Tanzania serves for black African nations, newly free and attempting to radically reform domestic institutions and steer an independent foreign policy. Politics and cultural events will dominate this itinerary, which includes Nairobi in Kenya, for meetings with political representatives, students and workers plus tours; then onto the game preserves at Serengeti and Ngorongoro crater and the Moshe/Arusha areas, finally to dar es Salaam in time for Saba Saba Day, the major national holiday and fair. July 1–22, twenty-one days, about $1400 from New York.

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A unique introduction to new political controversies: the question of withdrawal from the occupied lands, the effect of several hundred thousand Palestinian Arabs inside the Israeli economy, the growing tensions between Oriental and European Jews and the program of the Israeli left opposition. We will meet with a wide range of political viewpoints, visit artists, journalists, officials, students, stay overnight at a kibbutz, and travel to the Sinai, through the Negev, to Eilat, Sharm el Sheikh, Jerusalem, Galilee, the Golan Heights, Nazareth and the Dead Sea. Late September for 21 days, about $1000 from New York.

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A week in London, two in Russia, including Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa and Moscow. Various departure dates this summer, but reservations close soon. Twenty-one days, $680 from New York.

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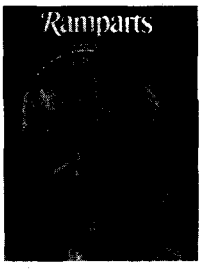

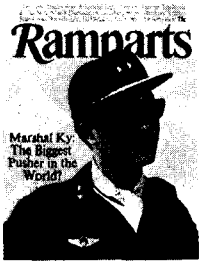

We grew up when America's innocence was ending. The 60s were hard times, and we found ourselves involved in a series of stories that shocked us about as much as they did the rest of the country.

- In 1964, when the FBI and other investigating agencies were unable to bring the killers to justice our reporters recreated the brutal murders of three civil rights workers in a lonely Mississippi field.
- In 1965, as waves of American troops and napalm were washing over the Vietnam countryside, we editorialized in behalf of an NLF victory, documented the horrible mutilations suffered by the children of Vietnam, and tried to give aid and comfort to the militant anti-war movement here at home.
- In 1966, as the Great Debate was beginning over whether or not the U.S. should be in Vietnam, Ramparts showed that it was already a fait accompli: the CIA, the semi-official Vietnam Lobby, and universities like Michigan State having conspired to get us involved there long since.
- In 1967, Ramparts printed an expose on the CIA which if it didn't shake the Johnson administration at least caused it to tremble perceptibly. We showed how the Agency had subverted the National Student Association and kindred institutions and reached into almost every other aspect of American life as well.
- And in 1968, we described the way that US agents had directed the manhunt leading to the capture and execution of Che Guevara, and one of our editors brought home from Cuba the authoritative version of the Guevara Diaries.

We have, in other words, marked our coming of age by crisis in American history. We are 10 years old now, and still raising hell with those out to destroy America. This year, for instance, while the President and Congress were filling the air with confusing and misinformed talk about heroin, we showed how the epidemic now afflicting this country was due directly to the opium trade cultivated in Southeast Asia by the CIA, South Vietnam vice-president Ky, and other symbols of the US presence there.

Like any 10 year old, we are proud of ourselves. If a magazine's job is to change things, however, we've probably failed, for there's no denying that the 70s are proving as tragic as the 60s. But if journalism is supposed to shake up the powers that be, then Ramparts has done its part. "A gadfly to the establishment"—this is what the New York Times called us. The trouble is that a gadfly doesn't sting hard enough. We prefer to think of the magazine as part of the movement for social change that will some day turn things around in this country.

But whatever we are at the ripe old age of 10, growing up to be an important journalistic voice, having an impact on the times, hasn't been easy. The national advertisers who subsidize most magazines have found our stories too controversial.

But our independence is crucial: on top of the rest of this society's problem is the question of whether there will be a "free press" and diversity of opinion by the end of the 70s.

In a time when magazines like Look have been dying or being gobbled up by conglomerates (Psychology Today by Boise Cascade, for example) and when Nixon, Agnew and Their Gang have been seizing on excuses to assault this diminished press, Ramparts has kept the faith. If we have our way, we'll keep it for another 10 years as well.

This is more than an advertisement for ourselves, however, We want you to invest in our family-owned business. We can't tell you for sure what you'll be buying: that depends in large part on what becomes of this country in the next decade. But we can promise to take you to the middle of things and keep you there.

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Micronesian Memories: Paving Over Paradise

There was a lot of murmurring and eyebrow-raising in the Council of Rull. . . . Mike Killian ignored the hubbub and said, "Let's get on with it. Do the people here prefer to have their airport on the reef, or along the ridge?"

It sounded to me like they might not want it at all. Supposing they didn't, I asked Mike—would it be stopped? Mike did not like the question. He glared at me and muttered to Tamaged, the administration's interpreter, "I don't want that translated." Tamaged didn't translate it, but Figirmad did. . . . Killian and the other administration people were really overbearing. To me this jet port looks like a railroad.

by Eric Treisman

MICRONESIA IS AN AMERICAN-ADMINISTERED United Nations Trust Territory. Think of it as an Indian reservation, one scattered across two thousand islands in three million square miles of ocean between Hawaii and the Philippines. The total land area of Micronesia is about seven hundred square miles. The population is a bit over a hundred thousand.

I was there for ten months last year, helping to set up an Office of Economic Opportunity [OEO] legal aid program. I saw some very lovely scenes: white beaches and green lagoons, waves crashing on reefs at the edge of an ink-blue sea, coconut forests, breadfruit groves, patches of morning glories and wild orchids. In the central Carolines, where I spent most of my time, outrigger canoes with hand-woven sails still ply the horizons. In other parts of the Trust Territory there are cloud-wreathed tropical mountains no man

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has ever climbed, mysterious Stonehenge-like antiquities, and . . . hidden valleys tall with ferns, and on and on.

The paving over is about to start.

[A LETTER TO A FRIEND, DATED MAY 6, 1971]

I GOT THE YAP BRANCH OFFICE, which is probably the plum. The four islands within the reef are criss-crossed with hand-hewn stone paths, that cut through the rain forest to link quarries and taro patches and ruins and living villages. Yesterday I took a long hike along them, into the interior and across to the opposite coast. Here the path serves as a retaining wall for a garden of pineapple and passion fruit. Along here it's a causeway through a black mangrove swamp. And here it breaks into a sudden clearing, a dance platform like a stretch of Roman road, or like the nave of a vast cathedral, arch-roofed in palm fronds, green and very still.

The names of Yap are like a lost chapter from *Lord of the Rings*. I live in the Municipality of Rull, in a kerosene-lit house two terraces above the road of great stone coins. North and west along the paths is North Faniff, where the high clansmen of Ocau reside, and beyond that lie the estates of Roboman of Tomil. I've traveled as far as Gagil-Tomil Island and the village of Rangue, with its strange, empty beaches on the Philippine Sea. Rumung, of course, remains *terra incognita*. . . .

[PAGES FROM A JOURNAL]

August 4, 1971

I attended an interesting meeting today. It concerned a proposal for a new jetport for Yap. I think the Trust Territory administration intended the meeting for a mere formality, a gathering of the old men of the Council of Rull to get their signatures on a document approving a site. But the secretary of the Council of Rull asked legal aid and other outsiders to attend, and the meeting turned into a heated discussion.

One of the outsiders spoke first. George Kiscaddon, president of Micronesian Interocean Lines and a founder of the Oceanic Society ("a watery Sierra Club," he called it), said he saw no need for a new jetport. He gave a well-reasoned lecture on tourism versus fisheries as the basis for Yap's economic development, concluding that the Yapese would be better served by ships than by jets if they didn't want to end as exhibits in a South Pacific Disneyland. Kiscaddon also said that, while he didn't like to be an alarmist, he had to point out that there were certain geological unknowns involved in laying down a five-hundred-foot-wide, six-thousand-foot-long slab of extra-heavy-duty concrete on a tiny island or its reef.

The Yap District director of public works interrupted Kiscaddon halfway through. "Hell, George, we all know how bad you want a new seaport. But you're pissing up a wall here, because the President's given his commitment to the U.N. on this thing." Mike Killian, a former Peace Corps volunteer who's stayed on to become Yap's land management officer, next in line to be the Yap District Administrator, said, "Gee, it's too bad Air Micronesia didn't get to have someone here, too."

There was a lot of murmurring and eyebrow-raising in the Council of Rull when Kiscaddon's remarks were translated. Mike Killian ignored the hubbub and said, "Let's get on with it. Do the people here prefer to have their airport on the reef, or along the ridge?"

It sounded to me like they might not want it at all. Supposing they didn't, I asked Mike — would it be stopped? Mike did not like the question. He glared at me and muttered to Tamaged, the administration's interpreter, "I don't want that translated." Tamaged didn't translate it, but Figirmad did. Killian wouldn't answer.

Falewaath of Rull said, "We never knew we had a choice on the matter of whether to have this airport or not. We cannot decide such a thing today. We will have to study the situation, I in consultation with my Council." Tamaged, interpreting, added that he was sure the majority favors it.

Our people, legal aid's new employees, stood up very well. Figirmad didn't mind interrupting the administration people when they were trying to run away with things. Neither did Gargog. Tamaged was a "regular," *kimosabe* was what we used to say on the reservation, and he interpreted like this: "Well, they say Yapese not bright enough to understand is the reef better or the ridge, so they ask you sir to please study for them and tell them which is better."

Why would this quiet community of 5000 people, no industry, very little land, want a new jetport? It doesn't make sense to me. Right now, a DC-6 flying three flights a week serves not only Yap but Palau as well, with more than twice Yap's population.

Killian and the other administration people were really overbearing. To me this jetport looks like a railroad.

September 6, 1971

Ask a Peace Corps volunteer why he or she is in Micronesia. The common answers are (with an ironic shrug and a wry smile): "Money and power, like all the other Americans," or (bristling) "What would *you* have us do, leave the field to the administration people?"

I find the second answer more ironic than the first. Every Peace Corps volunteer I know is filling an administration job slot. Bill Elwell, the Yap District Peace Corps director, says he would rather be known as the Peace Corps "agent" or "representative." "When I'm called 'director,' it indicates that I should exercise some supervisory function over the volunteers. That's not right. They are and should be responsible to the administrative department they're placed with, not to me."

The volunteers aren't in the executive positions, it's true. They don't make the mean decisions. They don't have anything to do with Yap's physical reconstruction, the progressive demolition of paths and villages, the constant knocking down of thatch and stone and putting up of plywood and concrete, the inexorable expansion of the trash enclave out from Colonia Town and Backhouse Bay. Most of the volunteers say they deplore these things.

But the Peace Corps is into social reconstruction. While the administration people spend their off hours visiting each other, playing bridge and drinking at O'Keefe's Oasis Club, the volunteers go out to teach the village children

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American games and stories and ethics and ways, while the village elders, ignored, shake their puzzled, powerless heads. And there are so many volunteers. There've been more than 250 in this district alone since 1967. The equivalent number of volunteers for India would be 19,000,000.

It seems obvious that neither the Peace Corps nor the Trust Territory administration really has much to offer these people. For my money, the breaking down of the physical and spiritual components of their society is sheer destruction.

Consider: two hundred years ago, before encounter and conquest, before Western diseases and methods of warfare took their toll, Micronesian technologies on Yap were supporting a population ten times today's.

Consider: by the statistics of the last two decades, a five-year-old Yapese has as great a life expectancy as a five-year-old American.

Consider the Yapese in their beautiful woven houses, cool and comfortable behind tall hibiscus-flower hedges along the quiet stone paths. Compare the pot-holed streets and overflowing gutters and tin-and-plywood slums of Guam. The village elders know a lot more than we do about making a life on a tiny tropic island.

But even now, the Trust Territory administration and the Peace Corps are making the destructive process irreversible. They're establishing an Ameri-Micronesian infra-structure and giving it the tools of the State—the police, the patronage—and replacing the village chiefs with it, the same way the Bureau of Indian Affairs replaced the Indian chiefs with tribal councils. They're doing it in the name of "preparing the islanders for self-government," as if the islanders hadn't managed to govern themselves in their own ways for ten thousand years before the Spanish conquest.

The new shadow government is staffed with the Micronesians who started their American education when they were seven years old, who succeeded in that education enough to be sent to off-island boarding schools for more, who went on from the boarding schools to Guam or the University of Hawaii, and who "don't even give a stick to their old mother in the village"—the angry phrase Figirmad once used to describe these men who've slipped the bonds of family, the bonds so central to the traditional culture, the men who've forgotten their people and the ways of their people because they've never been home since they were little boys. Coconuts: brown on the outside and white on the inside.

We used to hand-pick the staff of our shadow government. Now we let the Micronesians vote. It doesn't matter. They vote for the people who can deal with the Americans, only half-realizing that these people are dealing them out.

The largest irony is that the American dream the coconuts bought is our obsolescent '50s model, the one we ourselves are waking from. Watch them in the growing dispute over the new jetport: "We *must* have another airport, because we must *develop*," says Joachim Falmog, speaker of the Yap District legislature; and John Mangafel, Yap's representative in the Congress of Micronesia, seconds him: "We give this one top priority all the way, because it's a *development* project." And none of the district legislators and Congressmen of Micronesia are thinking to ask what's going to be developed (the tourist trade? Yap as a midnight refuel stop on a Tokyo-to-Melbourne night flight? Yap as a backup base for Guam's bombers, or a major base in a post-Vietnam-Taiwan-Okinawa defense perimeter?) and who's going to benefit (the Continental/Travelodge/Air Micronesia complex, and the brass from Saigon to the Pentagon) and what's being given up: peace and social consensus and *two percent of all their land area for this one project*. It's incredible, but the progress maniacs are even talking of using eminent domain to seize Rull's reef, now that all but eight adults in the municipality have signed a petition opposing the airport.

The coconuts believe they chose this airport for Yap by themselves. The District Administrator tells them they did, tells me they did. But I find it an odd coincidence, to say the least, that each of the six Districts happened to choose a new jetport as its top priority economic development project at the same time. Why didn't at least one District come up with a development project like electrification, or a water system, or harbors and fisheries? Why didn't even one District come up with something the people in the villages want, something they might use?

[AN OFFICE MEMORANDUM, DATED SEPTEMBER 24, 1971]

TO: Ted Mitchell, Director
Micronesian Legal Services
FROM: Attorney, Yap District
SUBJECT: Weekly case progress report

NEW CASES:
Abina v. O'Neal. When 3d Class Guardsman Tom O'Neal knocked up his Palauan girlfriend, he put in for an exten-

Photographs by Eric Treisman

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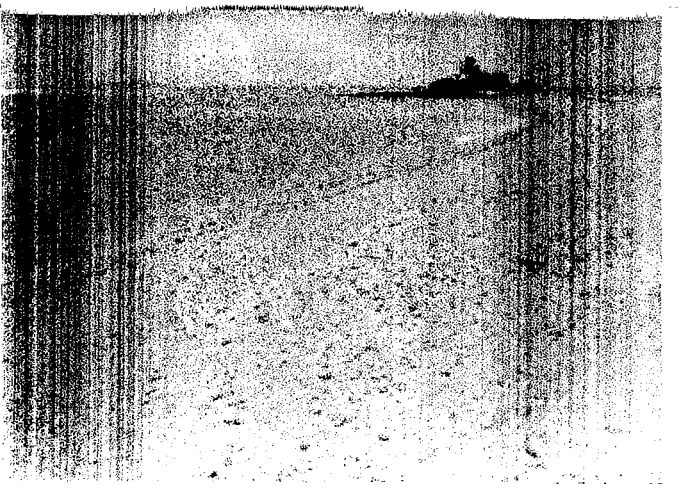

sion of his Yap tour. But Coast Guard Executive Officer [XO] Donald Boyd saw to it that no extension was granted, because (as he said) "it ain't good for our boys to be away from their own homes and people so long that they take up strange ways."

In fact, the XO arranged Tom's immediate transfer to Key West. Monday, Mary Abina found out he was leaving and paid a call on us. Monday evening I went out to the Coast Guard station and discussed things with Tom.

Tom is a very, very straight Georgia boy. He said, "The thing is she told me she'd eat them berries they got so she wouldn't have no baby."

I said, "You told her you'd marry her and take her back to the States. Why don't you quit arguing and do the least thing that's right?"

At first Tom pouted and scowled, but later he agreed to come into the office Tuesday and in principle to provide child support. "It's got to be in the morning, because they're shipping me out on the afternoon flight," he said; and he said he was glad I'd come after him, in a way, because he did want to do right by his kid.

When I got to the office Tuesday, the XO was there with Tom. The XO said, "Captain and I sat up late with this boy last night, cause we don't want him signing his life away. Now, Tom didn't even want me along this morning, but Captain *ordered* me to go, we're that worried for the boy.

"I ain't saying there's not guilt on one side or the other, or either side for that matter, but when you're out here long enough you'll get to know the way they do. These Palauan girls, babies don't mean nothing to them. They kill one the way you and I'd piss in the ocean.

"That baby's never going to see any money you want Tom to pay, because this girl's just going to send the baby home to mama in Palau the way they do, and the money's going to go for booze. . . .

"Say, these Palauan girls, they'd give their left arm to have a white baby. They would. I believe Mary here would pay Tom for it if she thought she had to. I believe she'd go out and rape four or five white guys to get a white baby, heh, heh, I'm just kidding when I put it that way and I don't mean no offense to Mary, hell, my girl's the same way."

While the XO was talking, Tom and Mary settled on $40 a month for child support. I told them I would draft the agreement and I asked them to come back in an hour to sign—an obvious mistake, but I hadn't had my coffee yet.

She came back but he didn't. An hour before flight time, the XO drove up in a Coast Guard truck loaded with heavy equipment crates, the kind that come off each Coast Guard flight and litter the fields around Colonia. The bosun's mate was with him, having a hard time suppressing the giggles. The XO leaned out the door of the truck and shouted, "Tom's not coming. He changed his mind and he ain't going to sign nothing."

I went out to the airport. Tom wasn't there. The XO had parked his truck in the loading ramp, and after a while it occurred to me that I'd never seen crates go on the plane at Yap before; I'd only seen them offloaded. I walked over to the truck and yelled at the crates, "Tom, can you hear me?"

His muffled voice came back. "Yeah, you're the lawyer."

"I'm sorry you had to go out in a crate, Tom. I'm giving your agreement to your pilot. I want you to sign one copy and send it back to us and do what it says, and I sure hope you have a good flight."

The Trust Territory doctor was out at the airport for some reason, talking to the bosun and the XO. He sidled over during my conversation with Tom, and as I rode away I heard him yelling at the crates: "Paternity can be disproven by blood group analysis, Tom. There are thirteen legally recognized and about twenty-eight medically recognized groups, which . . . ."

And it flashed on me that we'd just played some kind of mirror scene to the whole American Trust Territory. Out here to help people? Nonsense, we're out here to screw them; but it's all too blatant a farce even to be outrageous.

Incidentally, Figirmad and Gargog, as well as several Guardsmen who've stopped me on the road ("look, what if we bring in *six signed confessions* that we all did it with her . . .") say that if we get Mary her money we'll have a flood of Palauan girl clients that won't leave us time for anything else.

Fedeoor Village v. Trust Territory. Another land matter. The people of Fedeoor thought the government promised them it would not disturb their ancestral graves in quarrying rock from village lands. But the land use agreement actually reads:

> *The government agrees that . . . it will avoid damaging or disturbing in any way these graves. If the government determines that it is necessary to construct quarrying facilities on or near the site of said graves or that quarry-*

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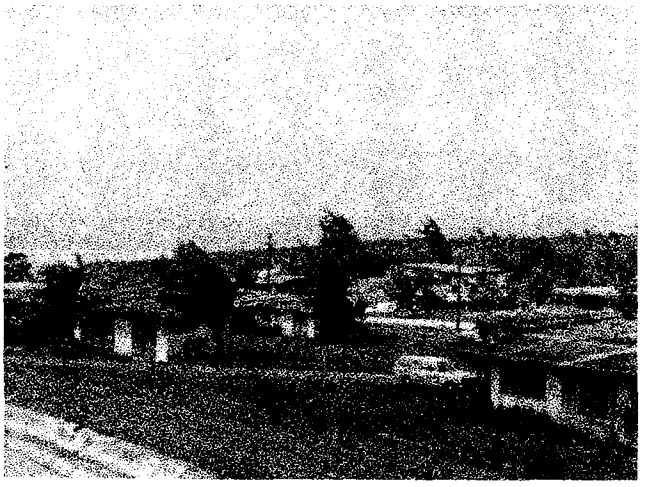

ing operations will disturb said graves, it will give the lessor thirty (30) days to move the graves off the premises.

Mike Killian didn't even have the grace to be embarrassed when I confronted him with this one.

Athanasius Yow. Some Peace Corps teacher arranged for Yow, the best boy at Yap High School, to go to Anderson Valley, California, live there with a retired Air Force colonel, and to finish his last two years at Anderson Valley Unified High. I was asked to draft a "waiver of liability" for Yow. A waiver for what? For whom? "I don't know. They just told me if I didn't make a waiver of liability, I couldn't go."

I talked to Yow and to Yow's father at some length. They don't have anything in writing about the terms of this special deal. I told them that while I would write the "waiver" for Yow if they insisted, I thought it was probably a bad idea. I suggested they have me write the California parties and get some kind of signed memorandum before they go ahead. They're thinking it over.

OLD CASES:

Tamag Wa'athan v. Trust Territory. Public Works Director Dupont refused to believe that the administration septic tank was draining into Tamag's taro patch. This week, Tamag led him and me on a hike along a polluted rivulet from the tank to the taro. Dupont got his shoes wet and bumped his head on a low lying branch in one place and got tangled in vines in another place; but he was a good sport about it, even after Tamag mentioned that his aged mother makes the trek every other day. Dupont has promised to make repairs.

Yap Housing Dispute. Congressman Mangafel brought several more of the prospective homeowners in this week. We're now more or less representing eleven of the twelve. All eleven want us to resolve the impasse between the housing authority and the contractor so that they can get their concrete houses finished. None of them care to get their money back. I've taken a new perspective on the case, as follows.

Concrete houses are monstrosities here. They use materials which must be shipped in, and as a result they cost ten times as much as other houses do to build and maintain. They are thoroughly unsuited to the climate; they don't admit light and air the way island houses should. Unless they're on a breezy beachfront or hilltop, they require air-conditioning for even minimal comfort; thus most concrete houses outside the Colonia electrification area are dank and miserable.

But concrete—air-conditioned concrete—is what the administration lives in, what the Peace Corps staff lives in, what we all live in. A couple of years ago, some sharp American small businessmen got the idea of selling concrete houses to status-conscious Americanized Yapese. They got a dozen to sign up for their cheap, almost-windowless little concrete cubicles. The construction was stopped halfway through because the work was as shoddy as the conception.

But our clients have a clear right to their concrete houses, and we will get the houses built for them.

The Yap Airport. Two marine biologists from the Smithsonian Institute came through Yap last week, looking for a site to study Pacific coral reefs. At my request, they glanced through the "environmental impact" chapter of the airport feasibility report. "Oh, good Heavens," they said, "is *this* what commercial environmentalists do?" They set the report on a desk to study, and they stood well back from it, as though it smelled bad. A copy of the report, with the Smithsonian people's criticism of the environmental impact section is enclosed. Note that the environmentalist does *not* say the reef is the best place to put the airport, though the conclusion to the report says he does.

Meetings, open and secret, have been going on all week. The deputy High Commissioner was here for three days, to talk to the District Administrator about the Rull problem (as they call it over in the administration building) and to veto, for the present, the use of eminent domain to seize the reef. So our agents report.

The High Commissioner's OEO liaison officer and somebody from San Francisco regional OEO headquarters stopped by the office this morning to see what we were doing. They mentioned that the High Commissioner is very upset that the anti-airport people took their case to outsiders by petitioning the Hawaii Congressional delegation and others. They wondered whether we might have had anything to do with that.

Finally, Tony Villanueva, our new interpreter/investigator, says that Mike Killian stopped him this morning to say that legal aid is great but that if it becomes involved in politics, as it seems to be doing in the airport matter, the High Commissioner will kill the program.

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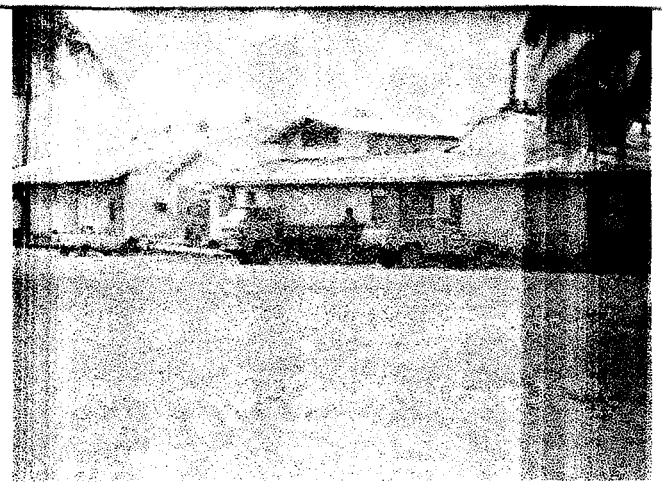

[A LITERARY NOTE]

To kill a culture, it is often sufficient to bring it into contact with another, particularly if the latter is regarded as higher, as the culture of a conquering nation usually is. The people of the subdued side then tend to look down on everything previously held sacred, and to ape the customs they regard as superior. As the system of social norms and rites characteristic of a culture is always adapted, in many particular ways, to the special conditions of its environment, this unquestioning acceptance of foreign customs almost invariably leads to maladaptation.

Konrad Lorenz, *On Aggression*

[MORE PAGES FROM A JOURNAL]

September 30, 1971

This afternoon Mike Killian brought me a stack of draft easement agreements to read. "Might as well have you check them out and let us know what changes you want right now, instead of waiting until after we've sent them off for headquarters' approval."

I told Mike that he still didn't understand the role of a legal aid lawyer; that I wouldn't have anything to say about the easements now or later unless I was retained by Micronesian clients. But I wasn't doing anything, so I went ahead and looked at them. They're for a sewer system for Colonia and the administration housing. The line will cut through Balabat Village in Rull, with an outfall for raw sewage off the coast just south of here.

Mike said, "Of course, this system is primarily to benefit the Yapese. There won't be any more problems like the one with Tamag's taro patch. And then too, as the Yapese get running water and flush toilets, they'll be able to tie right in."

I don't recall if I've mentioned that I am one of very damn few Americans on Yap who see anything wrong with the idea of the new jetport. The other morning I was silly enough to argue it with Bill Elwell, the Peace Corps agent or representative, when he was giving me a ride into town. He was flat exasperated by the time he dropped me off. "Look, Eric," he said, "if nothing else, it's a tremendous symbol of progress. If nothing else, it's nothing less than Yap's entry into the modern world." All the people in responsible administration jobs feel the same way Bill does. Some of them think I'm obstructing to make the DistAd squirm; a couple of people have given me sarcastic congratulations for that. A few don't believe I'm serious; they're amused, or not amused, by my sophist's game. But most of them think I'm just a nutball.

Where was I digressing to? Oh, yes. It turned out I had something to say about the easements after all, or rather about the sewer system, but I'd barely started when I caught Mike's you-really-*are*-a-nut expression and decided to forget it.

October 13, 1971

In the old days, there were only three municipalities on Yap: Rull, Tomil, and Gagil. Rull owned Marba, the big island. Tomil was most of Gagil-Tomil Island, Map, and Rumung. Gagil, with footholds here and there in Yap proper, held the outer islands as far as Truk Lagoon. Of course, they weren't called "municipalities" in those days. They were called "nug," just like Japan and the U. S.

According to the Rullians, who have my ear these days, Rull was the "father of Yap." It was the first place of human habitation and the conqueror of the reefs. Falewaath of Rull says the first *gobernadores* (he used the Spanish word) let things be, but the German administration confused things by carving out four new municipalities and appointing four new chiefs. The Japanese, who ousted the Germans, upped the number of municipalities to ten and completely bollixed things, and the Americans kept the system of municipalities the way the Japanese left it.

Now Rull's power is just anthropology to the Americans, if indeed they are aware of it at all. But the other parts of Yap remember. Rull is sure she's being sniped at, kicked while she's down as it were, for the memory of her strength. Two years ago on United Nations Day, Gagil's dance troupe came to Colonia and put on a dirty dance, something about teen-age boys yearning for the "mespil." (A mespil is a girl brought from a neighbor village to serve a men's clubhouse as a cook, housekeeper, masseuse, and to be evaluated as a potential marriage partner. If nobody will marry her, she must be returned to her home village together with expensive gifts, canoes or shell money and stone money and rope. The adolescents can't touch her—but maybe they do, and that was the story of the dirty dance.) Colonia is in Rull and Rull was infuriated, how *dare* they; it still smarts.

The decision to put the new jetport on Rull Reef, since the DistAd arrived at his decision after consultation with Roboman of Tomil, is seen as another in a long series of provocations. That, combined with the Rullians' perception of their reef as their most priceless real estate and their

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fear, which Mike Killian deftly feeds, that eminent domain will take it, makes the airport issue tremendously emotional.

Ted Mitchell, our program director, was down this week to ask questions about the case. He said they've been putting the heat on him in Saipan, and he wanted to know exactly why I'm threatening to block this major economic development project. When Ted grilled Falewaath, Falewaath felt the "pipes in his head fill up" and he had to leave the office for five minutes to compose himself. He thought Ted intended to pull me off the case.

I took Ted to see the District Administrator. The DistAd again asked me to help convince Rull they want the airport. "We've used up all four balls and three strikes with them through our mistakes in the past. But they know you aren't T.T. administration. You still have all your balls and strikes, and in fact you'd be surprised at how seriously you are regarded by the natives."

Ted told me to present the DistAd's pro-airport arguments to the Council of Rull. He also told me to stop questioning the airport's necessity and purpose and confine myself to the narrow question of its placement on Rull Reef. "Your mouthing off down here is making our refunding very dam touchy." I told Ted that I'd mailed in my resignation, and that he would find it on his desk when he got back to Saipan.

But I called a meeting of the Council of Rull and gave them the DistAd's spiel about progress, education, and the twentieth century. The old men got upset with me: "You know we've heard all that crap, what is this, are you selling us out?"

January 27, 1972. Menlo Park, California

Got a two-week-old *Micronitor* today. It says the airport won't be put on Rull's reef.

Query: What would I have done if the Trust Territory administration had actually seized the reef flat and sent in bulldozers?

Answer: Thank God it never came to that.

In the Yapese system, the reef flat is owned and used the same way other real property is owned and used. In fact, the Yapese generally value their reef holdings more highly than other real property; like Konrad Lorenz (*On Aggression* again) they recognize that "few biotopes provide the essentials of life in such abundance as the coral reef." In the years when Rull, Tomil, and Gagil with spear contended for land and dominance, the major battles were fought for reefs; and the reef-flat shallows more than once glistened red with blood.

The U.S. lawyers who drafted the new laws of Micronesia didn't know that or care. The Trust Territory Code states that since the Japanese administration owned everything below the high watermark, everything below the high watermark is now the property of the Trust Territory administration. The only reef property rights Yapese could claim under the Code would be rights in the old stone fish traps that lace the edges of the flats.

Even those rights could be substantial—the traps are handed down from generation to generation as the most valuable of legacies—but the T.T. Code's eminent domain law makes all private property interests tenuous. By the T.T. Code, the administration can take property through summary proceedings, without so much as a prior hearing on the question of whether the seizure is in the public interest. It can take property and build on it immediately, and hearings to determine the compensation due dispossessed owners need not be held until years later.

There's not much use attacking the Code provisions in the High Court of the Trust Territory. It's been tried before. In one case, the retired American lawyers who sit on the High Court bench handed down a ruling that the Trust Territory need not conform its eminent domain proceedings to U.S. standards. In other cases, the High Court has held that the T.T. administration is not bound to observe the United States Constitution or Constitutional due process of law. And in several cases, the High Court has determined that property seized by the Germans and Japanese, like the reef flat below the high water mark, is automatically the property of the Trust Territory Administration. "It is not the function of the American administration to right the wrongs of its predecessors."

The Trust Territory Code provides no recourse from a High Court decision, nor do any of the Congressional enactments and secretarial orders that pertain to the Trust Territory administration. I spent a lot of time researching and thinking about ways to get around the High Court, and eventually I came up with a theoretical route into the Federal courts of the United States, where Constitutional issues can at least be fought. But it would have demanded massive litigation just to blast the route clear. I gravely doubted that the legal aid program would have come up with funds for such litigation, or that it could have even if it would have. Might as well propose a legal attack on the entire Trusteeship Agreement, in the World Court!

What would I have done? Maybe I would have followed the old men of Rull out to the reef flat and waited until the bulldozers went away or something else happened.

[A LETTER FROM A FRIEND, DATED FEBRUARY 27, 1972]

AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE enclosed material, the *Micronitor* article was wrong. The airport issue at this time is still hanging in the air. Our reef is still on the loose.

The new water reservoir is seemingly the issue right now. It will inevitably be constructed. Our land has already been seized by Mike Killian, who is now acting DistAd under a right of so-called "friendly" eminent domain. A term new to us both in meaning and in content, and perhaps a wedge to condemn the reef in the near future. The enclosures explain the present terrible situation. Briefly we want the reservoir, but not at the cost of our homes and farms.

Sam Withers is periodically visiting us from Palau, and I think he is trying his best to help us. Everyone is fine, except that Yap will be divided if the administration doesn't slow down in its aggression. Division is not foreign to the Yapese, and it can be easily tipped off.

I'll keep you posted as to further developments.

/s/

Samuel C. Falanruw

Secretary, Council of Rull

P.S. Wish you luck and inspiration on all efforts to your article.

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The Great American Pension Machine

by Charles Leinenweber

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IN A SOCIETY WHERE GROWING OLD is no great joy, growing old and poor is even worse. Here is Alex Goldman, a cabinetmaker, 74 years old. He came to the United States from Vienna in 1939, worked his trade in non-union jobs through the war, then joined the union in 1948. This was in New York. In 1957 he moved to the Golden State, to Concord, California, a packed, working-class bedroom suburb, where the pre-fab houses look like first cousins to house trailers, and bleach a little after a good rain. Goldman worked until past 70, decided to retire, and waited for his first pension check, which never came and hasn't yet.

The pension credits he built up in New York didn't transfer with him; he lost the credits he built up in California because one employer failed to pay into the fund for a six-month period, and the time he worked past 70 didn't count, according to the rules. "I am entitled," Goldman says, "I worked in the trade, in the union, twenty-three years, I paid the pension fund here and in New York, I am entitled to some kind of pension . . . I am entitled and I can't get it out of them." Goldman's pension trustees—five employer and five union representatives—voted on his case. The union men voted yes, the employers men no—a stalemate, so no pension.

Here is Madalin Burnett, who worked for Borden's in Sacramento, twenty-two years in their retail credit department. She retired in 1969, along with three co-workers from the same department. She called Borden's regional office and asked about her retirement benefits. "Everything's taken care of, Madam," they said, "don't worry." Burnett got her pension, $95 per month from her union, an average American pension. She also got $5.22 from Bordens. "It wasn't very good—I couldn't even go out and get a decent dinner."

The company had lost her records on hospitalization and life insurance. After a fight, she finally got them to pay for an operation, and the company paid her a flat $500 for life insurance. They paid one of her co-workers $2000. Somehow, the four of them were paid different benefits and different pensions. "Every case was different and we figured we should all be about the same because we had the same time . . . .What can I do? They're not consistent at all."

Cases like these are far from being isolated horror stories arising out of a private pension system that's basically adequate. In fact, the system is best characterized by its monumental failures: Thirty-two million workers, the white and blue collar backbone of America's corporate giants, are covered by pension plans so outrageously hazardous that at best only one out of three can expect ever to retire with a pension. Two-thirds will get nothing. And, according to a Senate survey just released, most of the lucky third, the winners in the great pension sweepstakes, will get next to nothing: the average benefits actually paid to workers on pensions amount to $1080 per year. A Joint Economic Committee study predicts that in 1980 about 80 percent of retired couples and 85 percent of single persons will be living on pensions of less than $3000 per year.

The future is dimmer still for another huge chunk of the work force—some 20 million workers, mostly employees of the countless small businesses that grow like moss in the cracks of the economy. These, including domestics and the like, are covered by no pension plans whatsoever, aside from the meager reserves allotted to all old people by Social Security. Social Security payments to retired Americans average $129 per month.

At first glance the American pension system seems like an enormously chaotic and anarchic thicket, full of irrationalities and wasteful extravagances. A closer look reveals an artfully constructed maze, one drawn up so that the families who get pensions do so only with greatest difficulty.

■ The 32 million workers covered in private industry participate in no less than 33,000 separate and uncoordinated plans, spread among different corporations and in some cases, different union jurisdictions. There are no provisions for transferring from one plan to another. Thus someone who works for Ford cannot take a job with General Motors —or anyone else—without losing pension credits. Or someone who works on the Ford line cannot take a clerical job with the same company, without losing credits. Throughout all of big industry, labor turnover and mobility are sufficiently high to guarantee that only a minority of workers will ever collect pension benefits.

■ Roughly half of those covered—blue collar workers—fall under the dominion of union-bargained pensions. The rest—white collar workers—do not. However, except for craft union plans that enable workers to switch employers without penalty, so long as they remain within the union's jurisdiction there are no significant differences between the two. As unions won pension rights for their members, corporations usually granted the same to their non-union white collar employees. Moreover, the Taft-Hartley Act requires that no union be allowed to administer a pension fund by itself—at least half the fund's trustees must come from the employer. One consequence of this is that most industrial unions turn over all responsibility for funds to the corporations themselves.

■ The plans are interlaced with complex webs of fine print, spun by expert legal and financial minds, with the intention of restricting payouts and confusing potential pensioners. Every plan requires a minimum period of service under it—10 years for liberal plans, 15 to 20 years for most—before the participant can lay claim to a share of the fund upon retirement. Anyone who leaves before that time is served loses all credits and can claim nothing. Anyone laid off for an extended period is guilty of a "break in service" and likewise loses credits. Most plans also require that workers reach a certain age—usually 65—before retiring or suffer a loss. These and numerous other deceptive and bewildering conditions combine to make the pension system more like a gambling enterprise than a provision for old age security.

■ Women, along with seasonal workers and workers in high-turnover industries, are hardest hit by stiff provisions for long and continuous service. AT&T, the most notorious big employer of women, requires 15 years of work before "vesting," or the time when a worker can claim a share of the fund. As a result of this scheme, only 3 percent of the women who left AT&T over the last twenty years have left with any pension rights—although all pay into the fund. In the meantime, 14 percent of the company's working men left with pensions. While this figure in itself is nothing to crow about, the difference between the two underscores the

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more intensive exploitation of women by the private pension system.

Moreover, since pension benefits are tied to wages, and women get paid less, there is a substantial difference between the sizes of pensions for women and men. In the past year, women who retired from AT&T with pensions received an average benefit of $2200 per year. Retired AT&T men, on the other hand, got more than twice as much—$5300.

■ All pension plans evolve from earlier attempts by corporations to keep middle-level management on the job. Pensions once were a device to ensure loyal and enduring service. However this is no longer true. As demands for pensions broadened, the format of these earlier plans simply was adapted to new situations—but with a different logic. No employer expects his entire work force to stay with the company until retirement. He would be outraged if this were the case, if only because it would involve paying out a great deal of cash for pensions. Instead, corporations wish to keep up the appearance of pension generosity, while in fact payouts are drastically restricted.

■ The ultimate goal of restricting payouts, so far as employers are concerned, is to build up pension reserves so vast that through interest, dividends and appreciation, the funds will pay for themselves. The larger the fund, and the lower the proportion of workers who must actually be paid a pension, the less the employer must contribute. Most employers, particularly large corporations, are wise in the ways of long-range financial planning. Thus most big pension plans are geared toward self-support after some thirty years. Any force that disrupts this thirty-year plan is obviously a serious threat.

■ The whole pension system balances on the fact that it is private and voluntary. In nearly all plans the employer, technically speaking, makes the contribution—a contribution which, by the grace of government, is tax-deductible. Thus a corporation may discontinue or change a plan at whim, unless it runs into trouble from unions. Conglomerates especially are renowned for terminating the plans of companies they take over and raking off the assets. A corporation that shuts down a plant in some city will also cut off its pension plan. The idea that plans are funded voluntarily out of their own contributions enables corporations to justify the scandalous results. The view that many workers gradually are adopting, however, is that whatever goes into a fund is their own. Pensions represent not voluntary contributions, but the postponed, or deferred, wages of workers, whether or not these are deducted from paychecks.

If the pension system is an enormous thicket, it is nonetheless a fertile and profitable one. However stunning and bewildering 33,000 separate plans may appear from the bottom, from the top they blend into one homogeneous and organic compost-heap—a $130 billion heap, from which blooms an entire pension industry, and in which is rooted one mainstay of America's financial empires, the giant banks' multi-billion dollar trust departments. The funds generated at the workplace and disguised as employers' contributions are first trimmed and pruned by a welter of pension experts and advisors, then sucked upward, to reside as investment assets in a few major banks and insurance companies. At this point the game changes, and the funds are reborn, to be deployed as strategic factors in the financial domination of capitalist enterprise.

Underneath all this are the "aged poor"—workers who once were young and better off, and whose poverty simply marks the final phase of their long careers. It is convenient for social commentators who deal in abrupt categories to consider the "aged poor" as a phenomenon unto themselves. But they are not. Becoming old and poor is the natural end-product of millions of working careers, one current in the dark, winding stream that flows beneath the creamy froth of American capitalism. The dazzling glitter of countless automobiles and washing machines long hid the purposeful corruption and decay of America's health system. The same glitter disguises the ultimate regard for a lifetime of work. To someone covered by no pension whatsoever, old age and poverty come together with a fierce certainty. But to someone who expects a decent pension and does not get it, poverty always comes as a surprise.

[AMERICA'S PENSION INDUSTRY]

BEFORE THE SECOND WORLD WAR, CORPORATE pension reserves amounted to little more than a pile of gold watches, waiting for the engraver. During the war, however, the watches came to be replaced by a steadily-growing pile of cash. Companies found themselves competing for scarce labor under the structures of a government-imposed wage ceiling, and like airlines today advertising fancy lounges, they evolved gimmicks—fringe benefits—to attract and hold a work force for the war's duration.

Whatever the intention, it soon became evident that most workers took fringe benefits seriously. In the great wave of strikes that followed the war, demands for pension, health and welfare benefits increased sharply. In 1948 a Federal court ruled that pensions were a proper subject for collective bargaining. The case involved a prominent member of the steel industry, Inland Steel, and by the following year the industry as a whole registered its acceptance of the principle. The Steel Industry Board reported in 1949 that "social insurance and pensions should be considered a part of normal business costs to take care of temporary and permanent depreciation in the human 'machine' in much the same way as provision is made for depreciation and insurance of plant and machinery."

In those innocent years, few knew how valuable the depreciation of human machines would prove. In 1945, pension fund reserves for all of private industry amounted to $5.4 billion. But by 1950 they had reached $12.0 billion, and from that point on increased enormously, year after year—to $52 billion in 1960, and $86.5 billion in 1965. By the end of 1970, pension reserves had passed the $130 billion mark. They are still growing.

Once started, the accumulation of such vast sums did not pass unnoticed. It is a normative principle of capitalism that no cash shall ever lay idle. Nothing sours a true capitalist more than to see money lying about in slothfulness, and aristocratic decay. Idle cash, like idle people, is unproductive: it must be put to work.

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On the pension horizon there shortly appeared a constellation of financial wizards, willing and able to put the funds to work—banks, insurance companies, mutual funds, and other investment advisors and firms. Banks and insurance companies, which serve as key financiers for corporations, were already "insiders" in the corporate world, and so they got the lion's share. They would take the responsibility for investing the funds shrewdly, causing them to grow, and in the meantime slice off some healthy fees for their putative shrewdness.

Still, their services were not enough. A bundle of money as big as pensions were becoming inevitably arouses the attention of a host of little experts, who know how to squeeze it in such a way as to make it shed still more fees and commissions. A $130 billion bundle easily generates $4 billion in living wages for experts.

If there were to be pension plans in the first place, someone had to tell how to draw up each one. Thus there arose pension consultants. If the plans were to boast any funds, someone had to collect for them. Thus there arose collection agencies. Once the money was collected, someone had to suggest what to do with it—turn it over to a bank, invest it directly, or whatever. Thus there arose special investment advisors. To keep books, accountants were necessary; and to check on the accountants, auditors had to be hired. The funds had to pay out something to pensioners. How much to how many could be determined only by actuaries. On top of all this had to be added a heavy layer of administrators, to send the checks on their way, and to keep records on all the people covered. And to oversee the legality of every aspect of the operation, lawyers had to be on hand.

With the rise of pension funds was thus created a gigantic, parasitic structure, made of bits and pieces of small-time chiselers, big-time financiers and trade union officials, all welded together like some horrendous piece of junk sculpture. One medium-sized fund, the $460 million West Coast Teamsters' pension, pays out $2 million annually in fees and commissions—including $1.5 million to administrators, $190 thousand to favorite collectors, $83 thousand to auditors, and $150 thousand to a pension consultant whose Seattle, Los Angeles and San Francisco branches are all located in the same Seattle office suite. After these fees and commissions are skimmed off by small-timers, the money goes to the world's largest insurance company, Prudential, which adds it to its own reserves for investment, and also takes a huge cut for its trouble. There are good fortunes to be made in pensions.

Pensions are now a big business, generating enough yearly revenues for their handlers to place them on a level equal to such corporate giants as Westinghouse Electric and U.S. Steel. The variety of business interests with a stake in handling pensions is enormous. One Pacific Coast organization, the Western Pension Conference, brings them all under one roof. The Conference consists of some 700 individual members, representing major commercial banks, industrial corporations and insurance companies, utilities, law firms, investment banks and stockbrokers, down the line to advisors, collection agencies and other fly-by-night operators.

At the top of the group's pyramid are representatives of major Western banks—including eight trust officers from the Bank of America—along with executives from the nation's largest insurance companies. The West's biggest pension-producers are also represented, such corporations as Standard Oil of California, Litton Industries, Lockheed, Boeing, Weyerhauser and Kaiser. Investment bankers and stockbrokers include Merrill Lynch, Eastman Dillon, and du Pont Glore Forgan. Finally, at the bottom of the pyramid, are spread the flotsam-and-jetsam pieces of the pension world, small companies with distinctively sinister names, like Certified Portfolios, Inc., Incentive Industries, and Incentive Plans of America.

Union officials are the only element with a stake in handling pensions, who are excluded from this group and others like it. Presumably, this is to honor the class and legal boundaries of the pension system. The Conference is an employers' organization, which includes their associates, advisors and trustees. But the employers' associates, advisors and trustees serve in the very same capacities to union officials, particularly administrators of craft union funds. In this solidly homogeneous atmosphere, it is to be expected that union officials will not differ much from their brethren on the other side of the class line.

Within the past few years a series of public scandals have blown the cover of the pension industry and revealed it to be infested with grafters and swindlers. Five trustees for one corporation's funded themselves $300 thousand in annual salaries, and paid an investment firm they owned on the side another $130 thousand for managing the fund's investment. Officers of the United Mine Workers had their union buy control of a small Washington, D.C. bank, then diverted $78 million of the union's pension fund into it, to be held interest-free. In an even more dramatic case, trustees for the $800 million Central States Teamsters fund plowed close to $600 million into real estate and mortgages, at least $100 million of which involved pet projects, kickbacks, and assorted lucrative arrangements.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CORRUPTION in the pension industry, however widespread, can easily be exaggerated. Outright embezzlement is rare, or relatively undetectable against a $130 billion backdrop. Instead, corruption usually takes the forms it assumes in ordinary business circles, under the guise of reciprocation. Any major bank whose trust department places a large order with a stockbroker expects that broker to deposit a substantial amount of cash with the bank in return. This, along with many similar instances, amounts to a kickback. But it is never considered corruption, only doing business. The broker loses nothing, and neither do the banks' trust funds, unless their stockholdings purposely are being "churned" to created broker commissions — also rare with a big bank, which has other thoughts in mind. The Central States Teamsters fund, so blatantly mishandled, yielded as much in interest as it would have if invested by a bank. There is a thin line between corruption and routine business. What the game is called depends on who is playing.

The pension industry, honest and dishonest elements alike, drain about three percent of the money heading toward pension funds, each year. Three percent amounts to a massive sum of money, but it in no way accounts for the fact that so many workers are deprived of pensions. Three per-

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cent is a mere trimming; the inability of funds to pay off is built into the pension system itself. Corruption can be a diversionary issue, especially where workers are led to believe that the only reason they receive no pension is because their union officials and pension trustees drive Cadillacs.

A few echoes of revolt recently have sounded through the murk and haze that enshrouds the pension system. Most major pension plans are by now ten or fifteen years old, and enough workers have come out on the short end, that their cries of shock and surprise are beginning to alarm those who believed themselves securely covered. The same cries have moved certain Congressmen and politicians to press for pension reform. The most important of these is Jacob Javits, who authored a pension bill now before the Senate, and who serves as one of the foremost critics of the pension system.

Javits' bill is an elaborate one, containing numerous worthwhile proposals for reforming the pension system. The bill would tighten and centralize government supervision over the middle-level pension industry, restricting or eliminating the overt corruption that goes on there; provide for federal reinsurance of pension assets in case a fund goes bankrupt; and set minimum standards for the amount of assets a fund must contain, in proportion to what it is supposed to pay out. Moreover, the bill would put an end to the rudest mechanisms for disqualifying potential pensioners, such as "break in service" clauses, and age requirements for people who want to retire.

Javits' bill also provides for a government-run clearinghouse that would transfer pension credits from one plan to another when workers change jobs. Finally, it would require all plans to begin vesting a worker's pension credits after he or she has worked six years. Under the present setup no plan is required to begin vesting within a certain period of time.

Both these proposals are misleading, however. Participation in the clearinghouse is voluntary—no plan is required to join. More important, only those credits that a worker already can lay claim to—that is, vested credits—may be transferred through a clearinghouse. The advantages, then, are slight. As for Javits' six-year-vesting scheme, it contains some fine print: a worker may claim only 10 percent of the six years' worth of credits he or she accumulates, 20 percent of seven years' worth, and so forth. Full vesting occurs only after fifteen years of service.

Despite its shortcomings, Javits' bill has aroused a great deal of enthusiasm—its program represents an unmistakable advance over the way the system presently operates. But something big is missing: with all of his foraging through the private pension system, Javits would leave untouched and unscathed its sturdiest pillars: banks and insurance companies.

This should come as no special surprise, for there are really two Javits's rolled into one—Javits the Senator, and Javits the bankers' helper. In 1966 Javits the Senator sponsored a study by a committee of prominent bankers, concerning the obstacles American banks encounter in expanding abroad. In the same year, along with Robert Kennedy and Edward Brooke, he introduced a Senate bill to make bank expansion into Europe easier. In 1969 in testimony before Wright Patman's House Banking and Currency Committee he defended the banks' high lending rates. Also in 1969 Javits sponsored a joint Congressional resolution authorizing the President to declare a "National Banking Week."

Behind all this stands Javits the Banker, or more accurately, Javits the legislative aid of First National City Bank. First National City is America's second largest bank, with assets of $25.8 billion. It is the fourth largest pension fund manager, handling seven percent of the nation's total. Javits was a prime mover in the efforts to bail out the Penn Central and Lockheed, each of which owed First National City some $30 million. Javits' relationship to the banking giant is really quite simple: his law firm, Javits, Trubin, represents First National City in mortgage transactions. From 1968 to 1970 Javits, Trubin served as the bank's council in sixty-six separate cases, each routine and presenting no special difficulties. "Deals like these," one real estate lawyer noted, "are plums and banks often choose lawyers they want to reward."

It is the domination of the pension system by finance capital that bequeathes to it its private character. And in turn, it is the system's private character that guarantees its hazards. No bank has a special fondness for pensioners; no bank takes on the task of administering pension funds out of generosity. The fact that a worker may want a pension is not part of a bank's logic. A bank wants pension funds for its own reasons—first, for the fees and commissions they produce, and ultimately, to launch itself into a share of control over American industry.

[A PENSION COLOSSUS]

FROM THE SYSTEM'S INFANCY, the investment end of the pension business has been dominated by the moguls of the financial world, banks and insurance companies. Until the early 1950s the two divided pension assets more or less equally. By 1955, however, banks began to take the edge, and by 1960 were handling two-thirds of the funds. They have maintained that lead ever since.

Until the 1968 release of Wright Patman's investigation of bank trusts, no outsider really knew how much in pensions were going to what banks. More than four thousand banks are eligible to handle the funds, but since trust records are secret it was anybody's guess as to who got what share. The Patman Report revealed an astonishing concentration: Three Wall Street banks—Morgan Guaranty Trust, Bankers Trust and Chase Manhattan—handled $23.8 billion in pension funds, one-third of the national total managed by banks. A mere seven accounted for half, and twenty accounted for three-quarters.

In the hands of these few banks resides the fastest-growing and potentially most awesome chunk of corporate stock held anywhere in America. In 1960, bank-managed pension funds owned 3.6 percent of all the common stock of American corporations; by 1970, 7.9 percent. Over the last decade they have become the nation's largest institutional investor—outstripping mutual funds—and there is no end in sight.

The Securities and Exchange Commission reports that for

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the second quarter of 1971 "Over $2.9 billion of common stock was bought by private non-insured [bank-managed] pension funds, with gross purchase amounting to $6.5 billion and sales of $3.6 billion. These dollar purchases were all records for pension funds." A noted investment expert claims that pensions will soon prove an indispensable source of new capital for corporations. *Fortune* magazine predicts that, if pension funds maintain their current rate of growth, they will reach $250 billion by 1980.

But the true possibilities are nearly boundless: if pension benefits increase, so must the reserves, even faster than now. And out in that great world, the resources of a huge portion of the private work force lay untapped — thus Richard Nixon's plan for individual pensions, to accumulate on a tax-free basis some of the disposable wealth of doctors, and other highly-paid professionals. The pension system is fast becoming a Pension Colossus, presided over and controlled by that ancient and venerable target of muckrakers, Wall Street.

Ironically, the impetus for banks to invest pension funds in corporate stock originally came from the corporations that entrusted their funds to them. Banks at first limited their investments to a conservative, slow-gaining mix, placing most of the funds in corporate and government bonds. Gradually, the mix changed. The better the funds performed, the less corporations would be forced to pay into them. The idea was, and still is, that the funds would become so gigantic, and so profitable, that they would pay for themselves. But as Marxists often point out, quantity has a way of changing into quality. The growth in pension assets, combined with the shift in their deployment, turned them into a solid-gold tool for corporate control.

The tool was shaped in the muffled workshops of Wall Street law firms. There, lawyers silently hammered out sets of agreements that would deliver to banks absolute authority over the funds they handled. Chase Manhattan, whose law firm is the famed Millbank, Tweed, Hadly & McCloy, and which alone accounts for nine percent of the banks' pension share, recently showed a masterful sample contract to the House Judiciary Committee. The contract contains sixteen primary articles, including provisions to exempt the bank from any responsibility toward pensioners.

But its heart lies in an elaborately-worded Fourth article, which contains, strung throughout in incredible but air-tight legalese, all the necessities for corporate control. The bank, the contract says, shall have the power and authority "to oppose or consent to the reorganization, consolidation, merger or readjustment of the finances of any corporation, company or association, or to the sale, mortgage, pledge or lease of the property of any corporation, company or association any of the securities of which may at any time be held by it. . . ." What this means is that the bank, as trustee, enjoys unlimited authority to utilize the stocks and bonds it buys with pension funds, as an entry into the decision-making processes of the corporations it has a stake in. Indeed, the bank can exercise "any right, including the right to vote, appurtent to any securities or other property held by it at any time."

All this is wrapped up in the shortest article of all, the Fifth, which states: "The powers listed in the Article Fourth of this Agreement shall be exercised by the Trustee in its uncontrolled discretion." Uncontrolled discretion—the poetry of the ruling class.

Even before the pension bonanza, bank trusts had established themselves as a powerful factor in corporate control. Throughout the century, and including today, major banks have served as gathering-places for America's wealthiest capitalist families, and as centralized management houses for their fortunes. The bank-managed holdings of these families—combined with the smaller holdings of lesser but still rich families—include $85 billion in corporate stock. Thus private (or family) bank trusts hold ten percent of all corporate stock, a share that has remained constant over the last decade. (Private foundations, which serve as tax-free holding companies for wealthy families, account for another two percent.) Half of these private assets are concentrated in thirty banks; a quarter in ten. For the most part these are the same banks in which pension funds are lodged: fifteen of the top twenty pension-managing banks rank among the top twenty private trust managers. More than anything else, pension funds have added a full new dimension to the already-established powers of bank trusts, in the world of corporate control.

THE WORLD OF CORPORATE CONTROL is a mysterious one, and properly so. If its mysteries were revealed, this would prove inconvenient for the ideologists of capitalism, who make up different explanations of corporate control to fit the changing moods of the times. There would be no people's capitalism, no managerial revolution, and no insurgent technostructure. The role of bank trusts in corporate control has been an especially well-guarded secret.

Prior to the pension bonanza, and during the time that bank trust assets consisted mostly of the stocks and bonds owned by wealthy capitalist families, bank trusts worked as follows: if a family's holdings in a particular corporation were strong, it could demand representation for itself on the corporation's board of directors, or it could have a bank officer—as trustee—sit in its place. If the combined holdings within one bank of a number of family trusts added up to a strong position in a corporation, then the bank could demand a seat for itself to represent all of them. Through the 1920s and '30s a pattern emerged whereby bankers, as trustees, found places reserved for them on corporate boards. This pattern was of course reinforced by the fact that the same bankers raised loans for the same corporations.

With the rise of pension funds, the basic relationships between bank trusts and corporations remained intact, but with these changes: First, banks struck the pension bonanza at the same time as they underwent a wave of mergers and consolidations among themselves. Second, pension funds went to the biggest of the big banks, mostly on Wall Street, ones that already had developed the most elaborate ties to industry. The net effect of all this movement was to concentrate bank trusts and the powers of corporate control even more, and to increase the share of the top few.

In an unusually candid corporation history, Isaac F. Marcosson, official historian for copper giant ASARCO, or

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American Smelting, tells how back in 1922 the company structured its board of directors according to a principle "which has been maintained since." "A majority of the board," Marcosson writes, "was composed of persons who are not associated with the company other than as directors. Of those, five are or were high officers of important New York banks, who in their various capacities as trustees and executors are among the large shareholders of the Company."

Four of the five original shareholder-banks are still represented today, with the names slightly changed due to mergers. One of them is Morgan Guaranty Trust, the nation's leader in total trust and pension assets. In the 1940 report of the Temporary National Economic Committee, Guaranty Trust appeared among ASARCO's top twenty stockholders, with about two percent of the company's shares. Today, through its private trusts, Morgan Guaranty holds over five percent of ASARCO's stock.

But there is more: through its pension trusts, the bank holds an additional ten percent of the company's stock, bringing the grand total to more than fifteen, and making Morgan far and away the largest single shareholder in ASARCO. And there is more yet: the bank also holds eighteen percent of the stock of another copper giant, Kennecott, with ten percent through pensions. Morgan Guaranty's current president, Walter H. Page, sits on Kennecott's board, while a former president, Dale E. Sharp, represents the bank at ASARCO.

To round out its position in copper, the bank holds close to nine percent of American Metal Climax, and six percent of Phelps-Dodge. Of the five major copper producers this leaves out only Anaconda, which orbits around the Rockefeller-Chase Manhattan sphere. Morgan Guaranty also holds large blocks of stock in diverse copper users and copper competitors. And finally, through a series of arrangements that date back to the trust-building era of J.P. Morgan himself, the bank shares in the control of the biggest copper users of all, cumbersome super-giants like AT&T and General Electric. Through a combination of private trusts and financial relationships, the Morgan interests long ago began to tie together an integrated empire of copper. Now the gift of pensions has boosted them onto the throne.

THE 1969 CAPER OF CHASE MANHATTAN with an outfit known as Resorts International shows what else banks can do with pension funds. Chase, headed by David Rockefeller, is the nation's third largest pension manager, with more than $7 billion worth of the funds. Its total trust holdings early in 1969 included some nine percent of the stock of Boeing, six percent of United Aircraft, which supplies all of Boeing's jet engines, and seven percent of Pan American Airways, Boeing's biggest buyer. The bank also held large blocks of stock in several other major airlines, including TWA and Eastern.

Resorts International recently had undergone a transformation. Previously, it had been the Mary Carter Paint Company, under which guise it had earned a rather shady reputation. Now it was a casino operator and burgeoning conglomerate, whose major asset was a Bahaman leisure time concentration camp for wealthy businessmen and well-to-do retired, called Paradise Island. But Resorts had bigger plans yet: it wanted to build a far-flung empire of leisure time, with locations throughout the world, including Greece and Colombia.

If Resorts was to build a far-flung empire, it had to devise some way of tying it all together, to get customers around to its various parts. Resorts did not intend its Colombian facilities for a bunch of Indian peasants and farmers. It wanted Americans, white Americans with plenty of money. A cheap operator would charter airplanes to tie its empire together. But Resorts is no cheap operator. It wanted nothing less than the world's largest international air carrier, Pan Am.

Chase Manhattan stepped onto the scene, with an offer to swap all of its pension fund holdings in Pan Am—1.5 million shares, five percent of the total — in exchange for warrants, or options, to buy 3 million shares of Resorts stock. Obviously, the bank had one eye toward the future, when it would enjoy a strong position both in Resorts, and through it, Pan Am.

The Resorts deal, like many business deals, eventually fell through, at least for the time being. The SEC forced Chase to reveal its activities on a Resorts proxy statement, and once this became public the bank was subjected to a good scolding by the press for cavorting with ex-gangsters. The bank withdrew, although one Chase executive noted defensively that the head of Resorts "is an acquaintance of President Richard M. Nixon and we assume that Mr. Nixon would not associate with people of questionable character." People around the stock market knew better than that. Resorts was indeed a crooked outfit, and it was rumored that Nixon himself had sizable holdings in the company.

The participants in this escapade were not limited to a few Chase trust officers and Resorts executives. Unwittingly drawn into it were hundreds of thousands of white- and blue-collar workers, earnest contributors to the 140 different pension funds that Chase utilized for the deal. General Motors' white-collar workers put up 50,000 Pan Am shares to trade with Resorts—without knowing it. The company's production workers put up 75,000, also with no knowledge of their financial acumen. Ford workers contributed 130,000 shares, a sum matched by Western Electric and Standard Oil of New Jersey. Top honors went to Westinghouse workers, who offered 190,000 shares.

The workers of Ford and Westinghouse, and all the 32 million would-be pensioners covered so hazardously by the American pension system, represent a new breed of philanthropists. Their contributions are directed not toward the poor, but toward the rich. Without remorse, they give over their collective life savings to the wealthy, to the Mellons, the Rockefellers, the du Ponts, to the nation's most powerful banks. Theirs is a generosity so vital, empires can be built on it. It is a generosity unmatched in history. Never have so many given so much to so few.

Charles Leinenweber is the author of a forthcoming book, Power Without Politics: Class Rule in America *(Prentice-Hall).*

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Fat Cats and Democrats

by G. William Domhoff

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE NEW YORK financial district, a milieu fabled and feared in American hagiography under the designation "Wall Street," there exists a complicated set of familial, social, and business entanglements that form the basis for a network of Democratic Party financial backing that spreads its golden strands throughout the entire United States. This network is especially prominent in the cities and states that are pivotal in determining national control of the Party of the Common Man.

The handful of men in Democratic Central on Wall Street are junior partners in a moneybund that *Fortune* writer T. A. Wise calls "the hard financial core of capitalism in the free world [which] is composed of not more than sixty firms, partnerships, and corporations owned or controlled by some 1,000 men." Along with their Republican superiors and a few confederates in Britain and Western Europe, these Wall Street Democrats help raise, continues Wise, "an estimated 75 percent of the $40 billion in fresh capital needed each year to fuel the long-term growth of the industrial nations."

Now, Wall Street is clearly a small, intimate place. Every major firm seems to have social, business, or familial connections with the other giants. Especially in the financing of the overseas adventures of American companies, the big financial underwriters appear indiscriminate in the temporary alliances they develop. However, there are patterns within Wall Street. Some people do more business with

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some firms than with others. It is one of these coteries that is at the financial heart of the Democratic Party.

Two major groupings have existed among Wall Street investment bankers for nearly one hundred years. They are the Yankees and the Jews. The Yankees are a set of firms whose founding partners came to Wall Street from New England in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century. They are the descendants of Puritans, ship captains, Boston merchants, and wealthy New England farmers. They became the financial underwriters and advisers for most of the large banks, railroads, and industrial corporations that grew to prominence after the Civil War and that have dominated the American economy ever since.

First among equals in the Yankee clique is the firm of Morgan, Stanley, the direct heir to the business of J. P. Morgan & Co., which was the driving force behind the organization of U.S. Steel, General Electric, Southern Railway, and dozens of other blue-chip corporations. Morgan, Stanley is buttressed by such other old respectable investment bankers as First Boston; Kidder, Peabody; and Paine, Webber, Jackson, and Curtis—all with roots in New England soil. However, because several counting houses dominated by Anglo-Saxons from New York, Philadelphia, and one or two other major cities are now part of this clique, it will be referred to as the Anglo-Saxon or gentile investment banking community.

The history of the Jewish investment banking firms is quite different. Most of their founders do not have pedigrees that go back to the founding of the Republic. Instead, they landed in the United States as poor immigrants from Germany and France in the middle of the past century.* Most of them started out as impoverished peddlers in the South, the Midwest, and the goldfields of California.

Following their sojourn in the American hinterlands, the most successful of these Jewish immigrants gravitated to Wall Street. With one or two notable exceptions, however, they were not yet wealthy enough when they arrived to finance the burgeoning railroads and manufacturing corporations, which fell solidly into Yankee hands. But they did reach maturity just in time for the growth of light industries and retail businesses in the early years of this century. Less established than the Yankees, they were willing to take a few more risks with these new ventures that were shunned by the now-comfortable rulers of American money. Moreover, since merchandising was a popular field for those among the hinterland Jewish peddlers who had risen to success, many of the new retail businesses coming into their own were owned by other newly arrived Jewish entrepreneurs, so it is not surprising that "Let the Jews have that one" became a common phrase among the intolerant Anglo-Saxon moneychangers.

Thus, for a combination of reasons, Jewish financiers provided much of the nourishment for businesses like mail-order houses, department stores, and movies, while the gentiles tended to concentrate in banking, insurance and manufacturing. This division of labor still exists to some extent today, although both groups have moved into new opportunities in oil, aerospace, and electronics.

The most important firms within the Jewish banking fraternity are Lehman Brothers; Goldman, Sachs; Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades; Lazard Freres; and Kuhn, Loeb. Each has a slightly different history, and each is more concentrated in some types of business than others. But these firms making up the inner core of the Jewish banking fraternity on Wall Street are no mere collection of names brought together on a list because their founding partners happened to be Jewish. To the contrary, they are intimately related by family and business ties reaching back to the first members of their families to arrive in this country.

The intermarriages among families associated with the group defy total schematization. "Today the intermarriage within the crowd presents a design of mind-reeling complexity," says Stephen Birmingham, the author of the 1967 best seller *Our Crowd,* a tidbit-laden social history of the group's most famous families, "But envision a dewy cobweb in the early morning on a patch of grass. Each drop of dew represents a great private banking house; the radii that fan out are sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, and the lacy filaments that tie the whole together are marriages."

Lehman relatives alone connect most of the Jewish banking houses into one big family. John L. Loeb of Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades and Benjamin Buttenwieser, one of the top partners at Kuhn, Loeb, are both married to Lehmans. Arthur Altschul of Goldman, Sachs is a close Lehman relative. Gustave Lehmann Levy of that same firm is a more distant relation. Second-tier Jewish banking houses like Hallgarten & Co. and Wertheim & Co. have Lehman family ties as well.

The examples could go on and on. Kuhns married to Loebs, Schiffs (of Kuhn, Loeb) married to Warburgs (of Kuhn, Loeb). Strauses (of Macy's) merged with Sachses of Goldman's). Sulzbergers (of *The New York Times*) married to Strauses (again of Macy's).

In the present generation many members of this in-group, young adults of their families' fourth and fifth American generations, are marrying into wealthy families outside the crowd, and only a few from each family are becoming involved in the investment banking business. The five firms of the inner core, however, remain as closely related in business as their founding families have been in marriage. They still tend to work together much more than they work with firms outside the original group.

After all this build-up, it is probably needless to say that it is the Jewish businessmen, not the gentiles, who provide the leadership of Democratic Party financial support on Wall Street, in addition to rendering a number of services and amenities for candidates and officials of the party. For one thing, several families of this group provide the party with some of its biggest contributors and fund raisers. In 1964, for example, various Lehmans are on record for a total of $37,000 to Democratic candidates and André Meyer of Lazard Freres chipped in with $35,000 on his own. In 1968, John L. Loeb together with relatives and partners donated $90,500, and Loeb personally lent another $100,000.

* In this these West European families represent an atypical minority among American Jews, the great majority of whose families immigrated later, in the period around the turn of the century, and came largely from Eastern Europe where Jews were heavily concentrated in the poorer social strata, while the social position of Jews in Western Europe, in comparison, tended to be more substantial and middle class.

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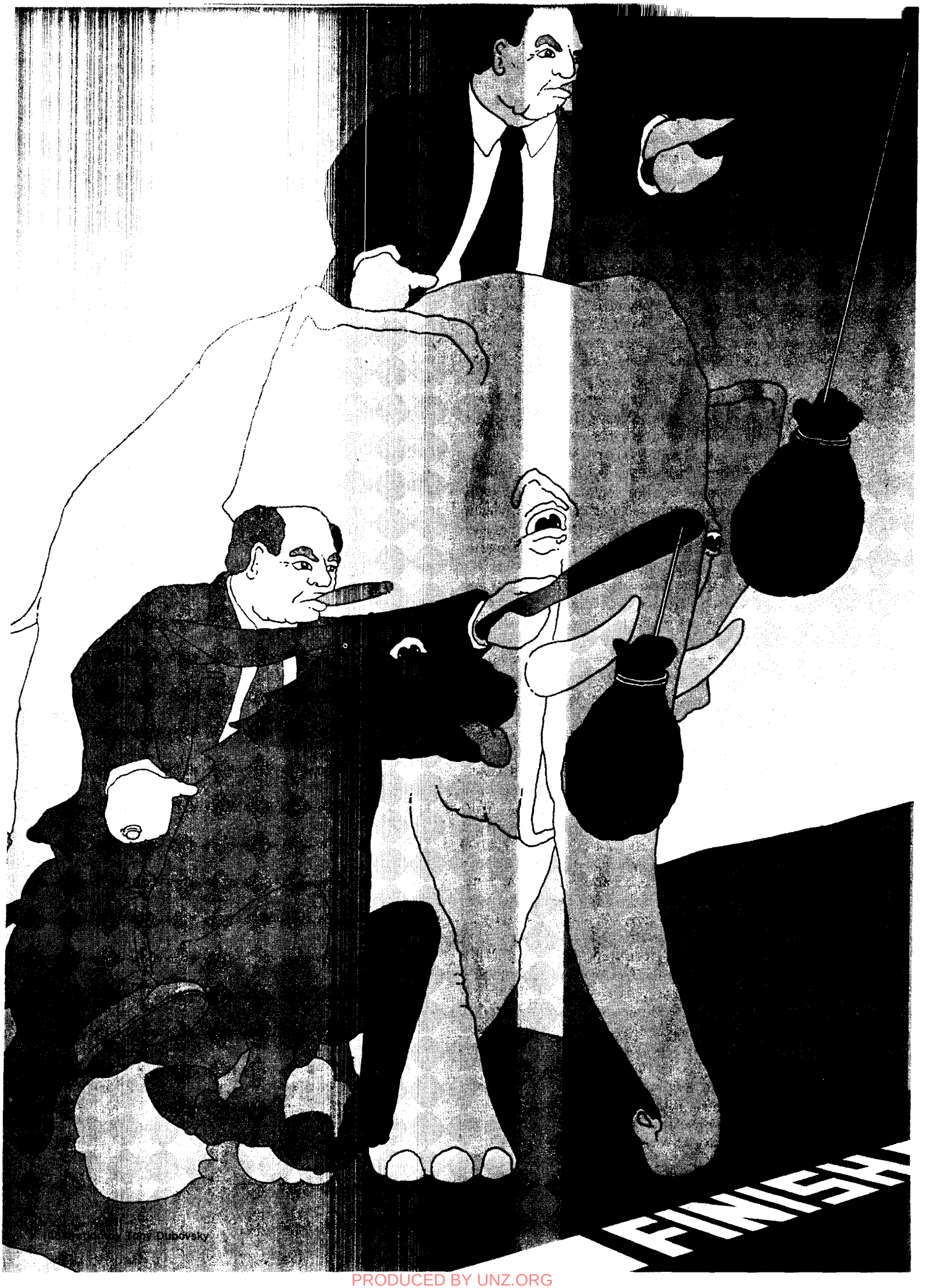

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In addition to the essential ingredient of hard cash, some families of the Jewish banking community provide the party with precious information and expertise on financial and business problems. André Meyer, for instance, served on several commissions for President John F. Kennedy, a trust that no doubt built up from Meyer's handling of personal financial matters for Kennedy's father. Harold Linder, a former partner in Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades and the party's largest recorded contributor in 1964 with a ringing $61,000, served the party for seven years as chief of the Export-Import Bank before retiring in 1968.

Then, too, the Jewish banking firms lend the Democratic candidates their respectability and prestige as successful businessmen. Of seven New York investment bankers who signed a "Businessmen for Humphrey-Muskie" ad in the *Wall Street Journal* in 1968, five were from the inner core—Sidney Weinberg of Goldman, Sachs, John L. Loeb of Loeb, Rhoades, André Meyer of Lazard Freres and Robert Lehman and George Ball, both of Lehman Brothers. The only firm not represented was Kuhn, Loeb; perhaps because the old standby Benjamin Buttenweiser felt restrained since he had been a strong supporter of Eugene McCarthy.

Another red-carpet service offered by the Jewish banking group is the provision of jobs for footloose Democrats of impeccable connections. Thus, George Ball, a Washington lawyer and intimate of Adlai Stevenson, left the State Department in 1966 after five years' duty to become one of the senior partners in Lehman Brothers. Henry Fowler, who had been Secretary of the Treasury, found a new position as one of the three top partners at Goldman, Sachs. C. R. Smith of Texas, who has stepped down as president of American Airlines to head the Commerce Department at the insistence of his friend Lyndon Johnson, joined Lazard Freres after his tour of government office ended. So did Frederick V. Deming, who had been an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

When it comes to the Democratic Party, however, one of the most significant facts about this coterie of investment bankers is that its members serve as financial underwriters and advisers for other leading Democratic fund raisers and fat cats—whether Jewish, Catholic, or Texan—all over the country. Lew Wasserman of Music Corporation of America (MCA) in Los Angeles, gave Humphrey at least $54,000 in 1968; MCA does its investment banking with Lehman Brothers. George Killion of the American President Lines (APL) in San Francisco has been a top Democratic fund raiser in California since the early '40s—APL does its investment banking with Lehman Brothers.

When people think of big Democratic money in Florida, they think of Jim Walter of the Jim Walter Corporation—his stock issuances are offered by Loeb, Rhoades. Texas oilman and financier John D. Murchison represents his state on the party's major money-raising organization, the 68-man National Finance Council—he does his investment banking with Goldman, Sachs. The prominent Democratic Texas oil tycoon Jubal Parten, a very regular donor of large proportions, does his with Loeb, Rhoades.

One of the biggest donors to Democratic causes from the New York area is Mary Lasker, super-wealthy widow of ad tycoon Albert Lasker—her financial adviser is the same André Meyer of Lazard Freres who advises the Kennedys. The two men who have put up the most Democratic money in New Jersey in recent years have been Leon Hess of Amerada-Hess Petroleum and the late Charles Engelhard of Engelhard Industries—both have close ties to Loeb, Rhoades.

Away out in Oregon there is a $438 million company called Evans Products, makers of plywood, precut homes, and bus heaters, among other things. Its president, Monford A. Orloff, is the state's man on the Democrats' National Finance Council. Its investment banker is Goldman, Sachs. One of the Democratic members of the National Finance Council is Ben Heineman, the chief of Northwest Industries—also a customer of Goldman, Sachs.

By all accounts the most important Democrats in Oklahoma are the Kerrs and McGees of Kerr-McGee Oil Company. This is a $667 million a year operation which controls twenty-five percent of the nation's uranium reserves, thanks in part to the fine footwork of company founder Robert Kerr during his fifteen years in the U.S. Senate. Their investment banker is Lehman Brothers. Kuhn, Loeb plays that role for Phillips Petroleum, another Democratic Oklahoma oil giant.

Before turning our attention to other aspects of the business grouping of which the Jewish investment bankers are an important component, two crucial caveats are necessary in talking about them as leading fund raisers within the Democratic Party. For one thing, the partners in the major Jewish investment houses are not exclusively Democrats. In fact, they are predominantly Republican, and many are significant figures within the Republican Party.

In fact, the major conclusion that clearly emerges from our investigation of the financial contributions of all partners in these firms is that as a group they spread their gifts to candidates in both political parties. Since the gentile financial community is almost exclusively Republican, however, it is the Jewish financiers who by default provide the Democrats with their handful of essential money raisers among the super-wealthy of Wall Street.

Indeed, we found no big Democratic donors among the leading partners of the largest Yankee firms. Taken as a whole, then, investment bankers, whether gentile or Jewish, are overwhelmingly Republican. But, to repeat, those few within the Jewish community who are Democrats have pivotal roles in the funding of that party's candidates.

One other point must be made about the Jewish firms. They now have many non-Jewish partners. For example, Thomas A. Kenny, John B. Ryan, III, and Thomas E. Dewey, Jr., are all partners of Kuhn, Loeb.

The incorporation of gentiles into their firms differentiates the Jewish investment bankers from the gentiles once again, for it is difficult to find Jewish partners on that side of the fence. This fits the persistent pattern of anti-Semitic discrimination in banking, insurance, and manufacturing enterprises owned and managed by the Episcopalians and Presbyterians who predominate in the American upper class.

Why are the few Democratic fat cats on Wall Street members of the Jewish investment banking community? Several answers to this question will be offered, but they must be postponed until an elaboration of the Jewish-Cowboy business group allows us to put the question into a larger perspective.

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[THE JEWISH-COWBOY ENTENTE]

TO AN OUTSIDER THE CORPORATE COMMUNITY appears monolithic, and well it should, for the similarities in economic interests and life styles among its leaders far outweigh their personal, religious, and philosophical idiosyncrasies. The endless interlocking directorships, the sharing of bankers, lawyers, accountants, consultants, and lobbyists among many different corporations all make identifiable patterns seem highly unlikely.

Appearance to the contrary, however, there do persist in attenuated form what economists of a bygone era called "interest groups"—collections of businessmen, bankers, and lawyers bound together by bonds of friendship, tradition, interlocking directorships, and common business interests that often lead to a lot of mutual backscratching exceptionally lucrative to all concerned.

The Jewish investment bankers on Wall Street are part of—which does not mean in control of—one of the least-known of the interest groups within the big business community. I call this group the Jewish-Cowboy entente because it is a nationwide group with two major components, the Jewish businessmen of New York and the Cowboy oilmen of Texas.

This does not mean, however, that New York-based investment bankers and Texas oilmen join together in managing the affairs of every company that might be considered part of this interest group. Many companies in the group have no Texas leadership. Moreover, other Northern Jewish multimillionaires besides New Yorkers, as well as wealthy non-Texan Cowboys from other states in the oil regions of the Southwest, are also included in the entente. There are also a few Northern gentiles.

The Jewish-Cowboy business group is not as cohesive as most of the business coteries that have been identified in the past. And members of the group share the leadership of many of their business interests with other large owners, especially the Rockefellers. Despite these disclaimers, however, it is a discernible group within the larger corporate community.

Most vital for our purposes, its members are not quite as solidly Republican in their political leanings as in the rest of the big business world. That is, many of the companies in the Jewish-Cowboy group have a small number of prominent Democrats on their boards. These are the men—in addition to the investment bankers already discussed—who raise large campaign war chests for Democratic candidates.

It is not easy to demarcate the exact boundaries of an interest group, for important business information is not always available to us. Nor is it easy to present very much detail about an interest group in brief and readable prose form. I will merely highlight the major outlines.

Few of the country's major industrial corporations are part of the Jewish-Cowboy entente. Those corporations are part of various Anglo-Saxon groups, or are shared by the gentiles in general. There are several exceptions, however. One is Ford Motor, which was nurtured to financial maturity by Sidney Weinberg of Goldman, Sachs. It is headed by Democratic fat cat Henry Ford II ($40,000 to LBJ in 1964, $30,000 to HHH in 1968), who announced in June, 1971, in a not unperceptive jest, that it was necessary to elect a Democratic President in 1972 so he could start living like a Republican again.

Other important exceptions to the rule are Allied Chemical, a company organized in 1920 by former Lazard Freres partner Eugene Meyer; American Metal Climax, with partners from Lehman Brothers and Loeb, Rhoades on the board; and Avco, a semiconglomerate that has grown rapidly under the watchful eye of Lehman Brothers. Avco is also noteworthy because even with perhaps the most "Democratic" management among manufacturing companies within the group, this still amounts to merely four directors and officers who were Democratic contributors of $500 or more in 1968.

Within the Jewish-Cowboy orbits are several oil companies (e.g., Amerada-Hess, Tidewater, Kerr-McGee, Halliburton) which are quite substantial, though hardly what the industry calls "the majors." The entente also fares well in airlines (e.g., American, Braniff, Continental), even better in movies (e.g., Paramount, Twentieth-Century Fox, MGM), and best of all in consumer goods and merchandising, where Sears, Jewel Tea, Gimbel's, Macy's, City Stores, Allied Department Stores, Interstate Department Stores, and Federated Department Stores head a star-studded list.

The Jewish-Cowboy entente, then, is a formidable one. However, it is far from the crème de la crème. Texas oil men . . . Jewish businessmen . . . smaller companies . . . retailers—this is not the heart of the power elite. The Jewish-Cowboy group is the major fringe group in an overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon power elite rooted in commercial banking, insurance, public utilities, railroads, and manufacturing—precisely the areas from which American Jewish businessmen are almost completely excluded. Even where the Jews and the Cowboys are highly visible, as in investment banking, oil, and real estate, they are decidely minor leaguers compared to the even wealthier Yankees.

Texas oil men are super-rich, but even more unbelievably wealthy are the Rockefellers, Mellons, and other Northerners who own much of the oil business in Texas and practically all of it in the rest of the world. Some Jewish real estate operators—like Democratic money raiser Ben Swig in San Francisco, or Democratic fat cat Lawrence Wein in New York—are worth hundreds of millions. But this is as nothing compared to the true giants of real estate, who are the same gentile corporation owners who dominate oil, rails, insurance, utilities, and manufacturing. Through their corporations, the wealthy gentiles are the major landowners, the major land developers (by means of real-estate subsidiaries), and the overflowing tenants of large office buildings.

The secondary, dependent nature of the Jewish-Cowboy group is even more apparent in studying the gargantuan commercial banks and insurance companies which unlike investment banks have vast assets directly at their disposal and where both Yankee and Jewish investment bankers obtain much of the long-term capital which they in turn provide to their corporate customers. Although each Jewish investment house has some connections at one or more of these money sources (and Lehman Brothers and Lazard Freres even serve as the investment bankers for Chase Manhattan Bank), it is still the case that not one of the largest commercial banks or insurance companies in New York is part of the Jewish-Cowboy entente.

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THE DIVISION OF WALL STREET investment bankers into Yankees and Jews in the early years of American corporate feudalism did not immediately reflect itself in Republican and Democratic allegiances. The Jews were as predominantly Republican as their gentile counterparts, whom they resembled in their stiff manners, quiet dignity, and high regard for formal culture.

With the onset of the Depression, however, the polarization of gentiles and Jews began to reflect itself in political affairs. Just why most of the Anglo-Saxon money changers withdrew from the Democrats and the wealthy Jews slowly joined the more recently arrived (and poorer) Eastern European Jews in the Democratic Party is not an easy question to answer—except by those who are sure that one or another grand theory about the nature of man and society is without doubt the correct one. An answer would require the delicate weighing of economic imperatives and cultural values in a way that psychology and sociology are nowhere near achieving.

Some believe the separation came about because the New Deal appealed to Jewish cultural traditions of social justice and charity while at the same time offending the moralistic Protestant belief that people get what they deserve and that poverty is therefore a mark of weakness and sin. Others, such as social critic Ferdinand Lundberg, sociologist E. Digby Baltzell, and one of my informants from a prominent Jewish banking house, suggest that the retail, movie, and consumer-oriented businesses in which many Jewish businessmen made their living made them more sympathetic to New Deal economic measures designed to increase consumer spending. (Democrats among Jewish investment bankers are divided in explaining their political preferences. For example, one Wall Street Democrat assured me that Democratic preferences among his business associates were a "spillover" from the general cultural values of the wealthy German-Jewish community in New York; he was highly skeptical of an "economic" explanation in terms of business needs. However, the day after this interview, an even more prominent Democrat on Wall Street stated the economic explanation as if he had read it in Lundberg's *America's Sixty Families*. Interviews did not clear up this question for me.)

Whatever the reason, Franklin Roosevelt had several very rich Jewish businessmen in his inner circle of campaign financiers. Heading the list was Herbert Lehman of Lehman Brothers, a Democrat by birth who became Governor of New York. Another was a Lehman in-law, Henry Morgenthau, Sr., whose son became Roosevelt's Secretary of Treasury. Also good for tens of thousands of dollars in contributions to the party were Jesse Straus of Macy's, Howard Cullman of Philip Morris, and Bernard Baruch.

The rise of Nazism also helped to move Jewish business leaders along in their transition to the Democratic Party, for FDR was being called "Rosenfelt" by potentially-fascist right-wing Republicans, and many anti-Semitic racist American gentiles were singing this little ditty about Roosevelt and his wife: "You kiss the niggers and I'll kiss the Jews, and we'll stay in the White House as long as we choose."

A number of postwar developments which had a political influence on American Jews in general did nothing to reverse the trend toward the Democrats among wealthy American Jewry. The Truman Administration after bitter inner struggles recognized the new state of Israel, and in the early '50s the wit and urbanity of patrician Adlai E. Stevenson seemed to attract even more Jews, including the Meyers of the Washington *Post*, into the arms of the Democrats. The pull of Stevenson, moreover, was combined with an antipathy on the part of many Jews for the antics of Joe McCarthy.

Barry Goldwater's candidacy in 1964 was perhaps the high point of wealthy Jewish involvement in the Democratic Party, partly because the moderate Republicans from the Jewish finance houses didn't like Goldwater's views and swung to the Democrats, partly because they do the investment banking for the Cowboy multimillionaires of the Southwest who bankrolled Lyndon Johnson.

Some of these Goldwater defectors, such as John L. Loeb, stayed around to lead the Democratic financial forces in 1968.

Yet, even allowing for the swing back to Nixon in 1968 during the '60s the Jewish financial community did become the source of those few Democrats to be found on Wall Street. Moreover, Jewish investment bankers combined with other Jewish businessmen around the country, many of whom were their corporate customers, to provide leadership in financing the Democratic Party in every major non-Southern city except Boston, where the Irish Catholics who grouped around the Kennedys still reign supreme.

In New York, for example, the major Democratic money raisers, in addition to the Jewish investment bankers already mentioned, are Jews Arthur Krim, Robert Benjamin, and Arnold Picker of United Artists. They have plenty of help from gentile friends. But the majority of their big donors are Jewish.

The leading Democratic fund raiser in Pennsylvania for many decades was Albert M. Greenfield. Now that he is dead, the fund raising mantle probably will fall to Gustave Amsterdam of Greenfield's Bankers Securities Corporation. He will have assistance, however, from other prominent Jews such as Frederic Mann, president of the Industrial Container Corporation, Philip Berman, president of Hess Department Store, and Aaron Goldman of Macke Vending Company. (Irishman Matt McCloskey also will continue as a leading money raiser.)

Out in Chicago, to take one example from the Midwest, the role of Jewish businessmen in party finance can be seen most quickly in the fact that twenty-nine of the approximately 120 men who gave $1 000 or more to LBJ's President's Club in 1964 were members of the highly-exclusive, Jewish-only Standard Club, whereas only ten could be identified as members of the Chicago Club, the exclusive stronghold of the wealthy gentiles in that city.

Jumping to the West Coast, the names to reckon with in San Francisco Democratic financing are real-estate men Ben Swig and Walter Shorenstein, with more than a little bit of help from their friend and business associate Adolph Schuman, president of a dressmaking company. In Los Angeles, when talk turns to Democratic money, knowledgeable people mention the "Hillcrest Group"—which means top money givers like savings-and-loan magnate Mark Taper,

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lawyer Eugene Wyman, real-estate developers Louis and Mark Boyer and Joe Shane, and aluminum manufacturer Lawrence Harvey. The "Hillcrest Mafia" tag comes from the fact that they are all members of the city's most exclusive Jewish club, the Hillcrest Country Club.

Only one large Southern city, New Orleans, finds Jews at the financial helm of the Democrats. This includes first of all the Stern family, which owns a large part of Sears, Roebuck, Mrs. Edith Stern being a daughter of the founder. But it also includes among others, investment banker Herman Kohlmeyer of Kohlmeyer & Co., Kohlmeyer attorney Stephen Lemann, and coffee broker Sam Israel.

Study after study suggests how strongly American Jews as a whole tend to identify with the Democratic Party. But, despite the prominence of some wealthy Jews, as leading party fund raisers in major cities, their Democratic identification is not nearly as strong as it is in the Jewish community.

Within New York's Harmonie Club, the oldest and most exclusive of Jewish men's clubs, as many local members in 1968 gave $500 or more to the Republicans as did to the Democrats, though the thirty-six Democratic angels did dig a little deeper, giving $155,800 compared to the Republicans' $138,600. The breakdown was slightly different at the Standard Club, the Harmonie's equivalent in Chicago, where twenty-three resident members gave $43,000 to Democrats and eleven gave $35,000 to the Republicans.*

There are, then, Jewish backers in both parties and the proportion who back the Republicans is substantial. What makes Jewish fund raisers stand out so prominently among the Democrats is not so much a conspicuous presence of Jews as a conspicuous absence of Protestants. This aversion to the Democrats on the part of wealthy gentiles shows up most clearly in the membership lists of the upper crust's exclusive clubs. Thus, 154 members of the California Club in Los Angeles gave to Republicans in 1968, but only five gave to Democrats. The situation was the same for the two other gentile bastions for which we have membership lists, the Pacific Union in San Francisco (eighty-four Republican angels, five Democrats) and the Detroit Club in Detroit (105 Republicans, five Democrats).

More generally, the relative importance of gentiles and Jews in the two parties can be seen in our studies of the fattest of fat cats, donors of $10,000 and more in 1960, 1964, and 1968. There were sixty known Republican contributors of $10,000 or more in 1960—only ten percent of those identifiable as to religion were Jewish. Among Democrats it was fifty-five percent. In 1965 it was four percent of forty-seven big Republican donors, forty-four percent of sixty-seven Democrat angels.

The picture did not change for the Democrats in 1968. For example, forty-three people lent Humphrey $5.9 million in sums ranging from $5000 to $250,000. Twenty-two of those forty-three were Jewish, with Jews making up thirteen of the twenty-one who made loans of $100,000 or more. Nor had the patterns altered among the donors of $10,000 and up in 1968, even though the list was greatly lengthened by an extensive effort of the Citizens' Research Foundation. About fourteen percent of the 183 identifiable Republican bigwigs were Jewish, sixty-one percent of the knowables among sixty-four big Democratic donors to Humphrey were Jewish.

A precise determination of the role of Jewish businessmen in financing the Democratic Party is not easily calculated because available information on campaign finance is spotty. Estimates from informants supposedly knowledgeable about the party range from a low of forty percent to a high of sixty-five percent for the total Jewish contribution to non-Southern Democratic candidates for statewide and national offices. Two points seem clear, however. The most prominent fund raisers in many large Northern cities are Jewish. Secondly, Jews, many of whom are business owners or executives within the Jewish-Cowboy orbit, form the major contingent among the biggest donors.

[COWBOYS AND DEMOCRATS]

TEXAS IS SO SOLIDLY DEMOCRATIC in its peculiar half-Southern, half-Western way that it is tempting to quote a newspaper executive from Houston who told me that "the whole damned business establishment here is Democratic" and let it go at that.

However, the temptation must be overcome, for the Texans are no longer merely the spiritual and financial leaders of the Southern bloc and the proud possessors of five of the twelve committee chairmanships that Southerners hold in the House. They have now gone beyond their usual financial role of providing support for the Congressional campaigns of those Democrats kindly disposed towards the oil depletion allowance.

In fact, "gone beyond" is hardly the phrase, for they have burst onto the national political scene with wads of money that put them in the same league with New York and California in financing Democratic Presidential candidates. Whether the Democrats ever repay the $9.3 mil-

* All analyses of Republican and Democratic donations prescribed here exclude donations to Republican Senator Jacob Javits of New York, for he regularly attracts donations from fat cats of both parties.

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lion in debts left over from the 1968 fiasco depends in good part on how successful they are in satisfying the political palates of the Texas tycoons.

Texans, as Outsiders and Southerners, were Democrats long before Northern Jews played a major role within the party. However, the Texans destined to raise the biggest money in the national Democratic Party are by and large men who have financial dealings with the Jewish bankers on Wall Street. I say by and large because there are certainly big-spending Texas Democrats—such as those around Continental Oil and the large cotton firm of Anderson, Clayton—who have their major dealings with Morgan Guaranty Trust and other Yankee firms. And there are the big Texas companies like Texas Eastern Gas Transmission who do their business with Dillon, Read, which is not a Jewish house.

But all this is only by way of saying that Texas is a big place and repeating that there are no simple economic and political divisions within the highly-integrated corporate community. However, when we look a little closer, in a search for key Democratic fund raisers and fat cats, we find prominent members of the Jewish-Cowboy entente who have had their little squabbles with various Yankees.

We find, for instance, John D. Murchison, who along with his brother manages a billion-dollar empire that includes banking, oil, real estate, construction, publishing, and a variety of smaller businesses from airguns to taxicabs. Also in the group is George R. Brown, an important figure in Halliburton Oil; his Brown and Root Construction Company was intimately involved in the career of Lyndon B. Johnson. Then there are insurance wheeler-dealers Troy V. Post and Gus Wortham, both of whom are in command of companies all over the country.

All of the above-named kingpins of the mainstream Texas Democrats are involved in one way or another with Lehman Brothers and Goldman, Sachs. Moreover, two of them, Murchison and Post, have utilized the Jewish investment bankers in fights with Yankee businessmen that reveal to us the rough contours of the various interest groups.

One of the biggest raids ever staged on a Yankee outpost by the Jews and Cowboys was led by the Murchisons in the late '50s and early '60s. At issue was Investors Diversified Services, a $3 billion investment fund. A long bitter struggle - involving a proxy fight which pitted the Murchisons, Goldmans, Sachs, the Indiana Democrat and banker Frank McKinney, and the Jewish hotelman A.M. Sonnabend against the Woolworth fortune of eminent Yankee Philip Kerby—finally ended with the Jews and Cowboys in defeat and in the hands of tried and true friends of Richard M. Nixon.

Similarly, it was Lehman Brothers and Goldman, Sachs who helped Troy V. Post and his whiz kid protégé Texan Jimmy Ling, promote the colossal growth of their company through voracious conglomerate acquisition, including their takeover bids on old-line Yankee firms. By 1968 Ling-Temco-Vought had taken over enough companies to become one of the nation's biggest industries, taking in 3.5 billion a year and ranking 15 on *Fortune's* 500.

In 1968 and 1969 the Yankees fought back against the conglomerates and left L-T-V reeling. Among their Yankee weapons were antitrust suits and threats of investigations from the office of Attorney General John Mitchell. *Fortune* explained the effect of Mitchell's actions thusly: "the result —not wholly unintended perhaps, of these myriad federal moves was to knock more than $5 billion (21 percent) off the market value of thirteen conglomerates' shares between January 27 and March 24 [1969]." The permissive merger policies of Democrat Lyndon Johnson were over. It was no longer Johnson chums from Wall Street and Texas who influenced the departments and agencies of the federal government.

There followed a small unraveling for the Jews and the Cowboys, with everyone landing on their feet but whiz kid Ling, who lost his chairmanship at L-T-V and had to mortgage his $1.1 million French chateau in Dallas.

More than one observer of the Republican onslaught against the conglomerates in 1969 and 1970 mentioned that these merger kings were often Jews or Texans. However, few noted that the upstarts usually had the help of Lehman Brothers, Goldman, Sach, and Lazard Freres as their investment bankers. That is, they did not see the Jewish-Cowboy outsiders, shielded by their tremendous influence in Democratic administrations, had encroached on the forbidden turf of venerable gentiles with overwhelming Republican sensibilities.

[GENTILES AND DEMOCRATS]

OBVIOUSLY, NOT ALL DEMOCRATIC financial supporters are Jews or Cowboys. There are also some gentiles mixed in. A handful of these gentiles are Southerners (we are speaking here of course of non-Cowboy gentiles). Some are well-heeled Catholics, such as the Kennedys and their numerous in-laws, but they are few and far between.

Another contingent of well-to-do gentiles who give money in sums of $500 or more to the Democrats are risen commoners who have climbed the corporate pyramids. Such people are found as presidents and (more frequently) vice-presidents within otherwise solidly Republican citadels. They help provide their companies with "access" to the Democratic Party. Some such people are hired by the corporations after government service, heightening the suspicion that they are filling the slot of Vice President in Charge of Democratic Affairs within the company.

By far the most significant group of gentiles in Democratic Party financing are a handful of Protestant patricians from millionaire families in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware—families which have been Democratic since the gradual development of the party in the late 1820s and whose fortunes preceded the rise of the larger industrial fortunes. The Roosevelts and Biddles are the most famous of these.

The rest of the patrician Democrats are the mellowed scions of wealthy Republican families. There are very few of these defectors, but they have been enormously important to the success of the party.

The Number One Yankee renegade of recent years is John D. Rockefeller IV. Now serving as Secretary of State in his adopted state of West Virginia, he is the first of his clan to grace the Democratic rolls. Averell Harriman, son of a predatory empire builder, has been among the most influ-

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ential Democrats in the nation since the 1930s. But the largesse of the patrician Democrats to the party, with rare exceptions, usually does not transcend the $500 to $5000 range.

And they are essential beyond their number and contributions because of the respectability and legitimacy they lend to the party in the eyes of other members of the upper class. Social reforms do not come easily to wealthy Republicans, but they seem to tolerate such changes better when they are brought about under the guidance of well-bred friends who know how to keep egalitarian strivings within proper limits.

[LAWYERS AND DEMOCRATS]

NO DISCUSSION OF PARTY FINANCE would be complete without the quiet role of Washington lawyers. Unlike Wall Street lawyers, Washington lawyers are usually liberal-sounding men of middle-class origins who came to Washington with one or another Democratic President and then stayed on in town after he left. They use their background with a regulatory agency, executive department, or Congressional committee to enable their corporate clients to better circumvent the law and receive special favors.

Washington lawyers in general play a bigger role as Democratic fund raisers and contributors—especially for lesser Senators and Congressmen—than do Wall Street lawyers, most of whom tend to be Republicans or small Democratic donors.

Although there are Democratic and Republican lawyers, there apparently is no such thing as an exclusively Democratic or Republican law firm. With one or two possible exceptions, law firms have partners on both sides of the political fence.

Moreover, the label "Democratic" or "Republican" does not mean that the lawyer will refuse to handle cases for fat cats from the other party. To the contrary, as all my interviews made clear, business comes first.

Thus, corporate lawyers help render the party identifications of the corporate rich meaningless when it comes to their day-to-day business problems. They readily use their influence in one party to help fat cats of the other party receive tax concessions, subsidies, and special rulings from the government. Indeed, it is their Democratic experience which makes so many Washington lawyers valuable to their Republican clients. Theoretically speaking it would be hard to overestimate the role of these politically-sophisticated lawyers in any listing of the several means by which the power elite gain legal and financial favors from the government no matter which branch of the One Big Property Party happens to be in charge.

[THE PAYOFF]

WHAT DO THE DEMOCRATIC FUND RAISERS and fat cats among the Jews and the Cowboys get for their money? First, and most crucially, they play a major role in determining the party's Presidential candidate. With the exception of a Teddy Kennedy or a Jay Rockefeller, no Democratic Presidential candidate can run the fabulously expensive gauntlet that begins in the primaries unless he is adopted by the fat cats of New York, California, and Texas.

The fat cats are essential because no other group within the Democratic Party is able to raise the necessary funds. The Northern liberals usually don't have the resources to back a Presidential campaign as well as they did Eugene McCarthy's in 1968, when $11 million in antiwar money was raised. As for the Southern conservatives, they wouldn't be interested in financing a half-way presentable candidate even if they could. And the trade unions are strictly bit players when it comes to financing Presidential politics, especially at the level of primary elections. So a Democratic Presidential hopeful must be acceptable to the Jews and the Cowboys or forget about winning; the fat cats can sit on their wallets and live with a Republican Presidency if the occasion demands. Indeed, many chose wallet-sitting in 1968.

Democratic fat cats also are necessary adjuncts to candidates for Governor and Senator in the most populous states. As a well-heeled California liberal sadly told me, middle-class and labor money simply cannot compete with the big-money candidates in the large states. "We back liberal Congressmen in races where $25,000 or $30,000 can make a difference," he sighed. "Or we send a few thousand dollars to liberal Senators in small states where you can run a decent campaign without a million dollars." Friendly relationships with Senators and Governors whom they have helped to elect, in turn, give the checkbook Democrats a great deal of leverage at all levels of a state party.

Wealthy Democrats also have considerable clout in mayoralty races in major cities such as New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans. When multimillionaire Ben Swig, to take the most striking example, brought together eighty-five people in 1967 and collected $203,000 in forty-five minutes for the last-minute mayoralty campaign of Joseph Alioto, the other candidates saw the handwriting on the wall. "You can't be elected dogcatcher here without his blessing," claims one San Francisco political observer.

When it comes to big offices, then, heavy money has very good strings on any successful Democratic candidate, which means the oil men will continue to enjoy their depletion allowances, the real-estate operators will retain their lucrative depreciation write-offs, and the regressive tax structure will remain an issue that is rarely discussed no matter which party wins the regular election. The political analysts may be right that the Democratic Party is "fragmented," and that it presents different varieties of platforms and political activists at the local, state, and national levels. But it is also true that the same few wealthy men decide which of the candidates will recive the millions of dollars that are a necessary minimum in major primary and general elections. When all the shouting and posturing has died down and the hard-cash facts begin to emerge, there is a familiarity about the business connections of the fat cats who call the decisive shots.

G. William Domhoff has written several books on the power structure, among them Who Rules America *(1968). A version of this article will appear in his forthcoming book* Fat Cats and Democrats *(Prentice-Hall).*

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What's Left of the Black Left?

When you ask "What's left of the Black Left?" you can mean two different things: What remains *of it in these hard times three decades after the political ground was broken by the old Communist-sponsored International Labor Defense? Or, what black political possibilities lie* leftward *of those already expressed?*

It depends on how you mean "Left."

This word-game also works when you ask "What's left of the White Left?" except that, since white militants aren't being mopped up by police and courts, it loses its cutting edge. The double entendre *is not so glaring.*

Such scrabbling set us on our search. We wanted to know: What remains of that entire, coalescing entity we, with great crossing of fingers, thought in the mid-'60s to be a black-leftist political thrust?

Talking to five black leftists reflecting varying perspectives whose individual activities span the generations from the Scottsborough Boys in the '30s to a Huey Newton, who announced a "colossal" Panther Happening that "will sweep across America like a hurricane" within the next several weeks, we got answers to this and something more.

Huey Newton, busily revising Panther tactics he feels alienated the party from black people during his imprisonment, heads the Black Panther party and, with prominent humility, calls himself "Supreme Servant of the People." His uniqueness in the history of black American political leadership comes from his naming an oppressive capitalist system as the tyrant, confronting its law enforcers with guns and, in a dramatic 1967 ghetto confrontation with white Oakland policemen, emerging with a folk-hero image.

He is now a free man who spends his time planning party strategy from the top floor of an Oakland Lakeside apartment building; playing chess; completing a book; and rapping with highly-select visitors about "Intercommunalism" and what he thinks is the inevitable Communist, stateless society to come.

Louise Patterson, wife of 80-year-old William Patterson, a lawyer who masterminded politicization of the Scottsborough and Martinsville Seven cases, was in the Bay Area in her role as National Secretary of the National Committee to Free Angela Davis.

University of California Professor Harry Edwards and Publisher Nathan Hare were both leaders in the nationwide drive for Ethnic Studies. Both former athletes, Edwards is now a U. C. Sociology teacher and Hare, ousted from his Ethnic Studies post during the 1969 San Francisco State College strike crisis, now publishes the Black Scholar.

Ethero Hashin Akin Shegun (slave name Jim Nabors, not to be confused with the star of TV's Gomer Pyle*) is Western Regional Vice President of the Republic of New Africa (RNA), a group that has begun to settle in what they see as a Southeastern U. S. "Republic" to be occupied by American black people and run on the style of Julius Nyerere's Socialism.*

by Walt Thompson

[ETHERO HASHIN AKIN SHEGUN (JIM NABORS)]

HE HAS BEEN IN THE unpaid and dangerous craft of revolution since he got his B. A. in political science at Berkeley two years ago. Since the bust last fall at Los Padres National Forest, where Republic of New Africa members were said by the press to be using University vehicles to transport guerrilla trainees to the mountains for practice and since two RNA members

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were accused of killing an Albuquerque cop and hijacking a TWA plane to Cuba last November, the RNA phone has been disconnected.

When a white lady's recorded voice said, "I'm sorry, that number has been disconnected," you began to feel the movement was, too: disconnected just as Stokely Carmichael disconnected from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee; as SNCC disconnected from Stokely and the Panthers; and later, as the Panther alliance disconnected from SNCC.

Such severances and disalliances extended into last December when Reverend Jesse Jackson broke with the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) and organized People Unified to Save Humanity (PUSH).

The Oakland Panthers have disconnected from the Algerian International, and Huey Newton from Eldridge Cleaver. The New Year found what had appeared to be the most viable black leftist group not only decimated by cops, courts and prisons, but torn by rancor and ideological discord. I told Hashin Akin Shegun I'd had trouble getting him, and he said since the November murder-hijack charges, there had been many harassing phone calls.

RNA headquarters at Alcatraz and Sacramento Streets in the Berkeley black ghetto is a damp, heatless lower apartment which serves as an office. Above three candles, which Hashin ceremoniously lit, was a note scribbled on brown paper and signed Antara Ra, which read: "This office is bugged. The phone is bugged. Don't say anything you don't want the boy to know." Antara Ra is the Republic's name for one of the men accused of the Albuquerque cop-killing.

A decade ago when plans for the Rose Bowl Parade were being made, Hashin, then a Pasadena Junior College student, led a movement demanding that the Rose Bowl Queen be black. Hashin had earlier smashed into the office of a Pasadena Junior College counselor, a white man, and overturned his desk when he learned the man had "counseled" him into bonehead English and Math. He left Pasadena after being arrested there three times. At 27 he was a leader in the spring 1969 Ethnic Studies strike at Berkeley led by the Third World Liberation Front. When not uniformed in RNA colors, he wears a denim suit and sneakers. He is now 31 years old.

Q. What is the RNA policy on self-defense?

A. We feel that black men under arms are on the enemy's side, and that to *base* a movement on weaponry is stupid. But to let the cops know we are prepared to defend our women and our dignity has a mind-blowing effect on people conditioned by the master-slave relationship to black people. You see, police and white authority generally relate to black men as does a father who can beat up on his son at will to correct him. The turning point comes when the father sees his son grow as tall and as strong as he is. The simple knowledge that a black man will defend himself and his women strains the white cop's psyche. Just like that father, the cop becomes more inclined to say: "Let's reason this out." I foresee a time in America when no white policeman will stop a black person — male or female — unless he is prepared to risk his life. I see it every day in the eyes of nine- and ten-year-old black children.

Q. You want to settle black people in five southeastern states. Why did you pick that area?

"The Republic is all about *land*— not an illusory black nation where unessential palliatives are offered: *bubas* and *dashikis* made from cotton from Bakersfield and dyed in Los Angeles. We feel that to be free you should have a nation and a right to defend it."

[ETHERO HASHIN AKIN SHEGUN (JIM NABORS)]

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A. The black people in the black belt have never enjoyed the rights of citizenship. Black people elsewhere imagine they are free when in the safety of their homes. They have the illusion that justice will be achieved within the enemy's system.

Q. Your wanting a black-occupied territory in the southeast is really a black version of a communist idea of the '30s.

A. I hold that it is basically an outgrowth of traditional African modes. I didn't think up the idea; it is the result of a wide range of black thought, including Robert Williams, Brother Imari who replaced him as RNA President, David Walker and Malcolm X. Communists wanted such a black territory not to benefit the black man, but as a satellite. You or I could do the same; suppose we wanted to take over South America. I'd start out by giving aggrieved people a slice of the land. Don't forget that Marx was a European who theorized using a restricted European laboratory.

Q. Are whites and blacks eternal enemies?

A. Generally, yes. Specifically, no. The real enemies of both are members of the boards of directors of Alcoa, General Motors, Aerodynamics and other corporations. It's hard to get white people to see this. I sometimes think that a genetic component has been added to their master-slave conditioning.

Q. In what stage are you now in building the Republic?

A. In the education stage. When we have convinced enough black people that occupation of a separate land mass is a condition of free men, we will have a plebescite. The Republic is all about *land* — not an illusory black nation where unessential palliatives are offered: *bubas* and *dashikis* made from cotton from Bakersfield and dyed in Los Angeles. We feel that to be free you should have a nation and a right to defend it. After the plebescite and black people vote for a separate state, we will say to the enemy: you have foreigners on our territory, you must remove them by a certain date.

Q. This will require a monumental job of conditioning.

A. It must be around the principle of *Ujamaa,* which means collective sharing, collective economics. Historically, Africans have seen themselves as an extended family by their abilities to work and to breed. In Africa private ownership of land was unknown. There is no term in the language for a transfer of land. In essence, this is scientific Socialism. Government should be the institution designed to insure equitable distribution of land and other resources.

Q. It's a long way from this heatless little office in Berkeley to a U. S. African nation.

A. It is crucial to understand *Ujamaa.* It means African Socialism as espoused by Julius Nyerere. To grasp it requires a quantum jump from preoccupation with slavery to acquiring land for ourselves through our own efforts. If you stop at any level short of your goal, you will never be free.

[HARRY EDWARDS]

IF YOU'VE READ CHARLES FRANCIS DOW'S "Slave Ships and Slaving" and you meet Harry Edwards, a vigorous physical giant, you think of Quobah, Dow's perhaps fabled Ashanti Chief.

Edwards' engaging of black athletes in the Black Liberation movement prompted track stars John Carlos and Tommy Smith to give the black power salute at 1966 Olympics awards ceremonies, a gesture that rankled the international jock set. But when I spoke to him, Edwards' strong feeling that demonstrations of any sort are now counter-productive led him to say immediately that he would do nothing more to promote protest demonstrations at future Olympics competition.

Edwards is convinced that of all the "movements" only one has realistically entered what he calls the "program" phase of the liberation struggle — the old SCLC "Operation Breadbasket" (now PUSH) led by Rev. Jesse Jackson. ("Jesse is a doer.") He dismisses the recent rash of "retreats" attended by former black leaders as meetings "that can only conclude that these spokesmen are irrelevant." Communists, he charged, are studiously overlooking the case of Ruchell Magee (the San Quentin prisoner charged with killing a judge in the "Marin Courthouse shootout") and making a political *cause celebre* of Angela Davis' indictment in connection with the same case. "Let them catch Stephen Bingham, then they'll have their white God figure. After that, you'll hear no more of Angela Davis." (Bingham is the young, white lawyer accused of slipping a gun to slain San Quentin convict George Jackson. Marin County authorities said in January they though Bingham was dead.)

I caught Edwards at Cal giving his last lecture of the academic quarter to some 600 students, mostly white. His instructional goal: to create a corps of highly trained young people to "infiltrate the system and point up contradictions it can't answer with its own rhetoric." Some gems from the hulking Quobah to his white protégés: "The FBI doesn't use drugs and *they* infiltrate *your* movements! If you have little enough commitment to let an agent do this, he's not corrupt — you are! Some of you are so high off weed that if Angela Davis was bound with cobwebs and a jet awaited her, you couldn't free her!"

On Telegraph Avenue, I asked him what would be the effect on the Black Left movement of Eldridge Cleaver's return. He pointed to dog leavings on the sidewalk and said, "Just about that."

Q. Have Black Studies been successful?

A. No. If Black Studies functioned as we planned, they would no longer exist. They would cope with the causes of oppression, would turn on key issues: international trade and finance. They would produce people able to cope with this structure. No society would subsidize its own destruction. What we have are studies that perform a spiritual function, produce no programs, and constitute spiritual masturbation. They tend to promote the idea of a nation state. Pan Africanism is totally irrelevant to Joe Blow in the street who just wants a square meal.

Q. The Black Left seems to be in a state of disarray — to say the least.

A. We're not looking at a situation in disarray; we're seeing the death of one thing and the birth of another. We're seeing the death of the dramatization phase of the Civil Rights struggle and the birth of the program phase. There is, in point of fact, no "Black Left." What we've seen since the early' 60s were activist children of black Democrats and Republicans. Communists and Socialists have made no more than slight inroads into black communities.

Q. Can black people get justice through a series of reforms in American society?

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A. No. Area-by-area or bit-by-bit reform is ludicrous because the black victim is smacked by the total, all-pervasive impact of a society in which race is the primary basis of social stratification, the primary condition of attaining value and where, in fact, everything pivots on it. That's why the experiences of Jews, Irishmen, Poles, and Italians are unequatable with the black experience. Example: Black migration North since 1915 is some 30 percent of Southern white migration. The whites have been quietly accommodated. The blacks migrated into hell.

Q. Some political analysts, among them Chuck Stone, think that black people can achieve equality through the political process when, like Irishmen, Jews and Poles, they represent their own people. He says they never have. . . .

A. And they're not going to! Dellums, for example, is a beautiful cat, but that's it — just one single cat. As far as his making an impact in a legislative system based on seniority and stupidity, he might as well be taking coals to Newcastle or farting in the wind.

Q. So, is the alternative "political power from the mouth of a gun?"

A. This is feasible only after a thoroughgoing operational analysis that allows success at non-prohibitive costs. The root problem is that most black people are not willing to pay the cost for what we've been proclaiming we wanted since 1960.

Q. Where does that leave us?

A. You have to look at Marxism-Leninism. You have to stimulate class consciousness. Once you find this necessary, "race" has no place. The trouble with Leftism as it has operated here is that it sets utopian goals incapable of implementation.

[LOUISE PATTERSON]

SHE'S A SILVER-HAIRED WOMAN in her twilight years but still packing a wallop. She grew up in Berkeley which was then as jim-crow as any Southern town. ("I had to pass for a Mexican to get a decent job.") She was a school teacher in the Old South when it was not uncommon to find black people fleeing to Pine Bluff after a lynching in Little Rock. She fomented and aided the earliest black student strike at Hampton University which was what she calls "a Colonial black school". With a glee you'd expect she'd show if the rulers turned over to workers the total means of production, she remembers the time in the '20s when South Africa's Gen. Jan Smuts came to compare notes with the Hampton University Colonialists, and black students humiliated the white educators. (Smuts and the other dignitaries sat there waiting for the natives to sing Negro Spirituals. The president of the school had heard of their plan not to sing, and had pleaded for them to change their minds. Everything was quiet. The music started. Not a single mouth opened.") Even now Mrs. Patterson seems embarrassed by the memory of a time when her consuming hatred of all white people extended to all things white (I even hated white chickens").

Her husband, William "Pat" Patterson, headed the Civil Rights Congress, which, before it was repressed during the McCarthy era, had almost upstaged the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) in advocating black liberation. A folk hero to black commu-

"If Black Studies functioned as we planned, they would no longer exist. They would cope with the causes of oppression, would turn on key issues: international trade and finance. They would produce people able to cope with this structure. No society would subsidize its own destruction."

[HARRY EDWARDS]

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"Communists are about the business of saving and freeing Angela, and we're sincere. Communists are not using Angela Davis. I happen to know that they're supporting Angela at great sacrifice, from their own coffers—which are not lined with Moscow gold."

[LOUISE PATTERSON]

nists and non-communists alike, it was he who later advised the Panthers to engage lawyer Charles Garry and to conduct the "Free Huey" political defense campaign. And it was the Pattersons who preceded all others in seeking U. N. intervention into U. S. genocide against black people. I met Louise Patterson at the old, comfortable home of a friend where we talked political theory above the noise of a small child racing his firetruck around the living room floor.

Q. The present Republic of New Africa plan to settle black people in the Southeast seems, really, to be a black version of an old communist vision.

A. The communist black state was an attempt to mechanically adapt an old Soviet idea to this country. This is no longer realistic: black migration North has changed the situation. Self-determination, as we see it, means the right of black people in both the North and the South to control their own communities in places such as Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant — not necessarily in a separate state.

Q. How do you appraise current black youth movements?

A. They fail to see that Socialism is world knowledge and that world knowledge is the property of the people of the world. Anyone who views the black liberation struggle as one winnable by blacks alone is misled. The slogan "Power comes out of the barrel of a gun" is a suicidal one. The point is to get beyond slogans and define your enemies and allies. This involves changing the labor movement, getting rid of the Meanys — pawns of the Establishment. In the absence of such a procedure, you have only destruction. As Angela said: "We are in the belly of the monster."

Q. U.C.'s Dr. Harry Edwards has said it should be the the Ruchell Magee case getting current attention rather than the Angela Davis case. He implied communists are using Angela, and thinks Magee is "where it's at" from the standpoint of the black masses.

A. I'm surprised he'd say a thing like that. He's missing the point. I would say this to the young: Communists are about the business of saving and freeing Angela, and we're sincere. Communists are not using Angela Davis. I happen to know that they're supporting Angela at great sacrifice, from their own coffers—which are not lined with Moscow Gold.

My husband puts the Davis case in the class with the most significant political trials in history—with Dreyfus, Sacco-Vanzetti-Dimitrof. The Angela Davis case has stirred an international movement unlike any we've seen.

If we had taken the Magee case rather than the Davis one, we would be unable to move the same forces. The point is to take the best case—the one that best highlights major issues—and dramatize it. The Davis case highlights issues common to Magee, Jackson, and all political prisoners.

[NATHAN HARE]

LIKE HARRY EDWARDS, NATHAN HARE, author of *The Black Anglo-Saxon*, has a jock past. His career in the world of work began as a prizefighter. He won some 80 fights, many of them by knockouts. In the academic arena his record has not been so good. His militant stand on Ethnic Studies got him fired from Howard University in Washington, D.C. and in the San Francisco

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State College battle he suffered a TKO at the hands of S. I. Hayakawa.

"When they accused the NAACP of being a communist-front organization, I told them, 'Someday, you'll want it respectable.' Once they were considering putting Muslims on the subversive list. I predict that someday they'll want Black Panthers respectable."

Q. What is Black Leftism?

A. Militancy and what it is changes with the times. Revolutionary Nationalism is now open to Marxian analysis. The Panthers have made the Left fashionable and have projected it but, on the other hand, have set back for ten years the possibility of black people embracing Marxism.

Q. Why do you say that?

A. Because Panthers allowed themselves to come too much under the influence of white elements: White Marxists, Women's Liberation, the Gay Liberation Front. They gave too much credence to a strict Marxist analysis, failing to properly incorporate color. As always, without a theory capable of relating revolution to the black community, the result is that Marxists hold black militancy in contempt and black communities hold Marxists in contempt. A bizarre by-product of this failure is that they find themselves picketing a black business in Oakland and returning to the church, an institution that has lost influence in black communities.

Q. How do you see Leftist ideas affecting the black future?

A. People must be raised to a greater sense of desperation. They must adopt a stronger sense of sacrifice and struggle. Economically, things must get worse—and they seem to be. Eventually, we'll have to get into class analysis in black terms. The thing to be feared is that the black bourgeois will assume the role of the white oppressor.

Q. Harry Edwards told me: "All the Panthers have done is to get their best men killed or run out of the country. You know that's no way to run a revolution."

A.. At the very least, the Panthers are failing in their revolutionary goals.

Q. What is the role of violence in achieving justice?

A. Much of the Panther violence is expressive, or symbolic violence. They show a marked vulnerability to white policemen's bullets. The Republic of New Africa, on the other hand, has not lost a man, with at least three white policemen dead.

Q. What accounts for this?

A. I don't know. Perhaps the same adulation for white Marxist ideology affects their ability to cope with white policemen's bullets.

[HUEY NEWTON]

HUEY NEWTON, NATIONAL PANTHER CHIEF, refuses on ethical grounds to comment over the media on his split with Eldridge Cleaver, or on any other black people with whom he has differences. Newton analyzed the Cleaver trouble in the *Black Panther*, April 17, 1971. In an essay "On the Defection of The Black Panther Party from Eldridge Cleaver," Newton painted Cleaver as a romantic, undisciplined adventurer who misunderstood the Panther gun strategy. Newton's analysis is cool and controlled and even here betrays linger-

"Revolutionary Nationalism is now open to Marxian analysis. The Panthers have made the Left fashionable and have projected it but, on the other hand, have set back for ten years the possibility of black people embracing Marxism"

[NATHAN HARE]

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ing respect for Cleaver: ". . . But Eldridge Cleaver did make great contributions to the Black Panther Party with his writing and speaking. We want to keep this in mind, because there is a positive and negative side to everything."

Cleaver is still in exile, but he recently vowed to re-enter the country, by alerting Texas border officials that he was expected to come through Mexico. Cleaver's re-entry plan is like trying to get to earth from outer space, without a heat shield to pass through the atmospheric barrier. It is not recklessly stereotyping crackers to say that sharp-eyed Texas cowpoke cops would shoot and kill Cleaver with no less relish than they'd pop a jackrabbit—with the added status of a Mannetta, a Big Game Hunter who'd bagged the prize. Bang!

Of course, Cleaver knows this; knows that country cops are no less lethal to two-legged Panthers than are big-city cops with their nigger shooters (.357 magnums) gaming for troublesome "jungle bunnies." The whole Panther party learned this lesson well from their own experience.

The three most security-conscious Oakland civic leaders are Police Chief Charles R. Gain, Oakland *Tribune* Publisher William F. Knowland, and 31-year-old Blank Panther Party Chief Huey P. Newton.

When I went to see him at the Lakeshore apartments, I tried to get into the lobby through the garage—impossible without a key.

A black doorman at the front entrance later stood me before a closed-circuit TV camera, and the secretary confirmed my identity. Security is the watchword at the Lakeshore: callers are photographed and tenants view their image on monitors before they are permitted to pass.

The result: Huey is as inaccessible to the public as are inmates of the county jail. I found it easier to get to him when he was locked away behind the walls of the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo, over 200 miles away.

Much had happened since then. Newton had been freed after a second mistrial; had expelled Cleaver after Jim Dunbar, a San Francisco talk jockey, hooked the two into an on-the-air conference call that embarrassed the party; had beat Nixon to China; and had emerged from a messy boycott program with his image still intact.

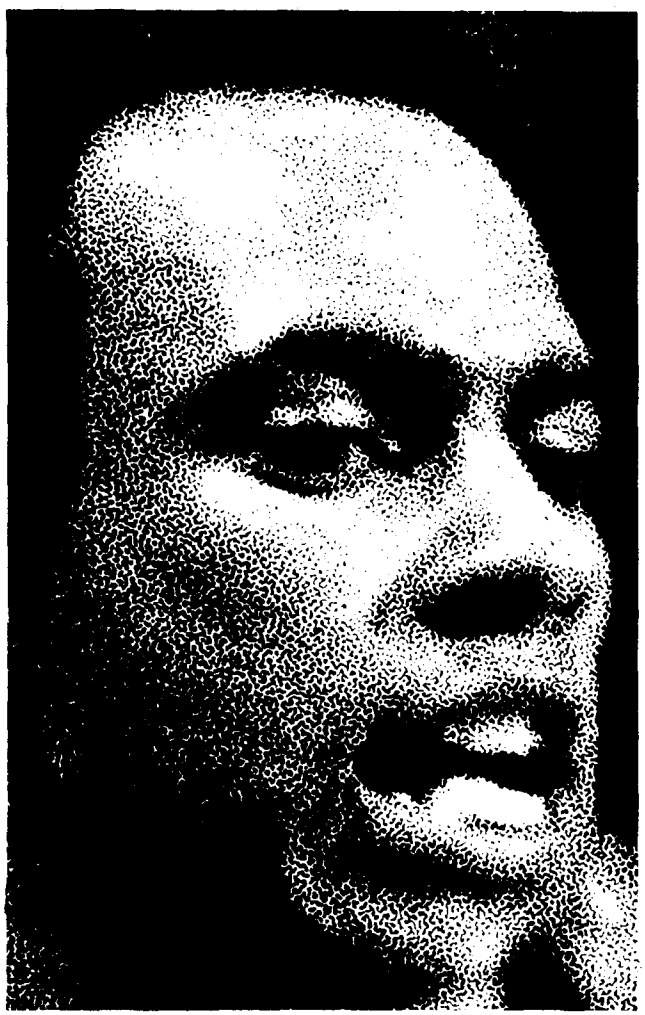
The change in Newton himself was mostly in his eyes; the intense eyes, Buddha-like, flashing but now clouding, as he relished his own revolutionary rap.

Bob Bay, a pleasant, plump man who serves as Newton's bodyguard, admitted me. For more than fifteen minutes Bay and I chatted about bass in the estuary. He said he could see boys catching bass through Huey's Nikkon telescope which stands on a tripod before the picture window. Bay offered me something to drink. The Panther style had changed: I was accorded a reception that would have brought envy to the proudest Oakland Hills host. A pretty secretary, who came in to take my coat, had called to confirm this interview. When I was about to leave, Bay helped me on with my coat.

Huey is said to pay about seven bills a month for his 25th floor Lakeshore suite.

He was illiterate when he graduated from an Oakland High School. I remembered that when I had talked to him at San Luis he told me of a dream he had had the night before; of the Nixon Administration's Philadelphia plan. I

"Our goal of 'Revolutionary Communalism' negates the outmoded concept of nationhood. Revolutionaries in each country will seize power to achieve a redistribution of wealth on an intercommunal level before achieving the communist, stateless world."



[HUEY NEWTON]

Photograph by Steve Shames

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contrasted the Newton in prison with the free Newton, who still gives himself to abstract political thinking as, perhaps, no other man does.

Q. Can a purely black movement achieve a Socialist America?

A. A Socialist America can't be achieved. It would have little effect in changing the total world order, which is what we want. It is necessary to apply a world view. Our goal of "Revolutionary Communalism" negates the outmoded concept of nationhood. Revolutionaries in each country will seize power to achieve a redistribution of wealth on an intercommunal level before achieving the communist, stateless world. Nor is it possible for black people alone to achieve a revolution—not even in Africa. In all cases, it is necessary to apply a world outlook.

Q. Some people I talked with think your party is finished.

A. On the contrary, the Black Panther Party is stronger than ever. We've organized more people and have more programs than ever before. Those who think we're weak are in for a surprise. A colossal event, to unfold sometime around May, will change their opinions.

Q. Colossal event? Is it to be local?

A. It will be national. It's a shame your interview came a little bit too soon.

Q. May I have clues?

A. Just let me say that it will make the Sacramento legislative invasion by Panthers look like child's play. The party will rise up like a storm, like a hurricane . . . .

Q. The press has played up the expensiveness of this apartment and the fact that you're way up here on the 25th floor of a swanky apartment building. Has your life been threatened?

A. Often. Through the mails and by telephone. But, if you're black in this country your life is always in danger. I've always lived by the principle that death comes to everyone but it varies in its significance. To alter a Chinese expression a bit: "To die for the reactionary racists is lighter than a feather. To die for the revolution is heavier than a mountain."

Q. Dr. Carlton Goodlett says that black people will ultimately opt for a separate American land mass, since, otherwise, justice seems unattainable. Do you agree?

A. It's naive and antiquated thinking. The pace of technology and of communications has negated the land question, has become more important than educational systems and the ground they sit on. We see and base our theories on the view that all is in a constant state of transformation. The Chinese lauded the Black Panther Party for its original contributions to Marxist thought.

Q. If Panthers coalesce with other black liberation groups, is there a chance the party might alter its policies?

A. We'd be blind if we gave up our eyes. But we are willing to enter into coalitions, keeping in mind that power is the ability to define phenomena and to make that phenomena act in the desired manner.

Our approach now is to be the left wing in all institutions. We try to influence the Church rather than have the Church influence us. We want a hand in creating the "new" —the kind of new that's desirable.

Q. So you don't believe in the separate land mass idea?

A. Here is a kind of riddle for you: The peasant is chained to the soil just as the nationalist is tied to the nation. It is capitalism which cuts the first chains, by wrenching the peasant from the soil, then what alone must cut the chains of the nationalist? The answer is imperialism. I can forgive Muslims, exonerate them for promoting this idea because they are Idealists. It is ridiculous for so-called Marxist scholars to think this way.

Q. Speaking of antiquated Communist Party theories. Some black spokesmen are criticizing the CP for making over Angela Davis and neglecting the Ruchell Magee case.

A. This is true, although Angela Davis is beautiful. We plan to do a big Ruchell Magee campaign.

Q. Back to the question of Panther emphasis on guns, have you given up this approach? Are you convinced it won't work?

A. It's obvious it never caught on with the people, since we didn't overthrow the U.S. government. Armed struggle will succeed when the people — not an elitist group — take up arms. What happened was that we were slaughtered while the people watched.

Q. Do you feel safe here?

A. Why not? If they want to get me, they'll have to use a cannon.

Q. Then they run the chance of hitting Mrs. William Knowland. I understand she lives here too.

A. Right On!

THE PEOPLE WE TALKED TO agreed that the difficulty facing the Black Left is not so much in being identifiably Left, but in being forced through the national black experience to grind out a counter ideology. What's Left of the Black Left, therefore, is a massive uneven and unformulated grievance groping toward other than existing national solutions.

Dr. Carlton Goodlett, in a July, 1970 speech at Salt Lake City, Utah told a National Broadcast Editorial Conference: "A new black man, as opposed to the old 'Negro,' asserts that there is one duty to be done, one end to be achieved: to destroy racism—by any means in his power. Between 11 and 12 million young blacks under age 20—or half the black population—will no longer tolerate either the overt or covert acts of a racist majority which dehumanizes and robs the black nation of its birthright, freedom."

It is clear that the fact that the black U.S. population has shunned more than token involvement in Left movements does not invalidate black people as America's most potent revolutionary force.

Our sources agree that what has so far developed in the approximately 33 years of organized Black Leftism pales in comparison with the massive reservoir of potential Leftism remaining in an aggrieved population which is increasingly declared surplus in a technological society.

The chilling fact is that, if the Subversive Activities Control Board succeeded in decoding and articulating the political ideas of some 24 million black Americans, authorities would promptly jail them all for the safekeeping of Capitalist America.

Walt Thompson is a free-lance journalist. He has worked for the Oakland Tribune *and several Bay Area TV stations as a commentator and news writer.*

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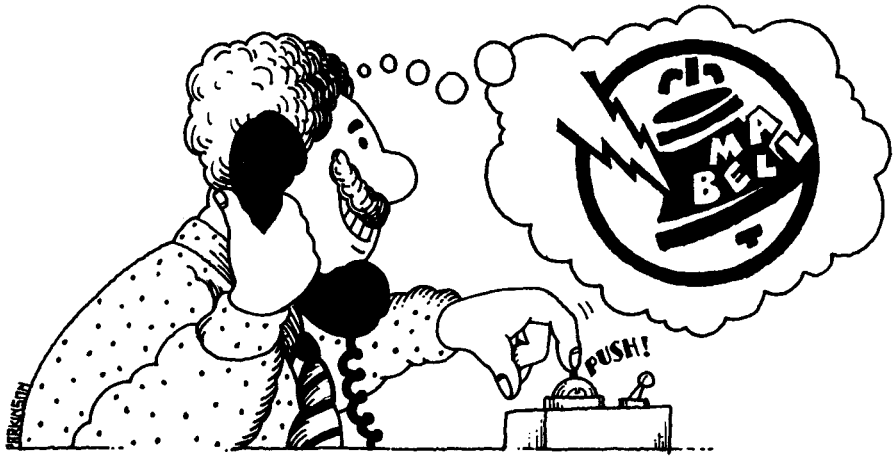

Regulating the Phone Company In Your Home

The wizardry of America's Phone Phreaks has received considerable attention: in particular, the ability of this esoteric underground to make Bell Telephone's myriad long lines, loops and tandems dance to the calibrated tune of the notorious "Blue Box." But it has generally been assumed that the free long distance phone call was accessible only to those able to build such a Blue Box, and initiated in the mysteries of its use.

The following document which has come into our hands makes clear, however, that our phone company is in danger of being electronically ripped off not only by the technically knowledgeable and skilled, but by virtually anyone and everyone. The document demonstrates how practically anyone who can change the plug on

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an electric toaster—using only a screwdriver, a kitchen knife, and four dollars' worth of readily available electric parts—can build in two or three hours a simple device capable of evading charges on long distance telephone calls. This is not the Blue Box, which enables the user to make *long distance calls free, but a version of the Mute Box, which enables the user to* receive *them free of charge to the caller.*

BASICALLY A MUTE IS A DEVICE which allows you to receive incoming phone calls from anywhere without charge to the calling customer. By having all your friends call you, you not only eliminate most of your phone bill but at the same time reduce your friends' bill since they won't have to pay to call you anymore. And of course the usual signals can be arranged: you call person-to-person to your own name at your friend's number; he knows to reject the call, hang up, and call you back—free.

Following the directions on this page, anyone with only modest mechanical ability should be able to build a mute in a couple of hours (or less). The mute is a simple device which works on a very simple principle. Normally when you receive an incoming call, your local phone company sends a signal to your phone which causes your bell to ring (this is only to attract your attention). When you pick up the receiver, a small switch inside your phone closes, causing a moderately strong electric current to flow back along the line which stops the phone company's equipment from sending ring signals. Then the equipment sends a signal back toward the person calling you which starts the billing machine in his area.

Hanging up the receiver opens a switch inside your phone which cuts off the current flowing to the phone company. Their equipment then sends a different signal back to the other end indicating that billing should be stopped. The billing equipment then prepares the too familiar monthly statement which eventually is sent to the person who made the call.

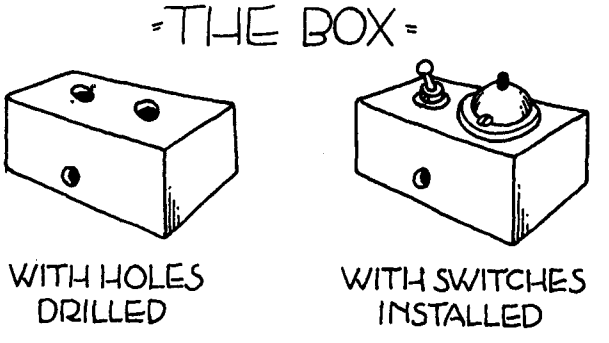
There are two ways to avoid billing your friend: either you must send a false end-of-call signal to the other party during the conversation; or you must prevent the local phone company from sending the initial signal back to a relay at the other end which indicates that you answered the phone.

The most common form of mute prevents the initial signal from being sent. It does so by limiting the electric current (that flows through your phone when you are talking) to a level sufficient to allow a conversation, but not enough to activate the relay at the phone company. Thus, the phone company does not start billing the calling party. As far as the phone company equipment at the other end is concerned, your phone is still ringing, unanswered.

The way you build a mute is as follows: First, buy the following parts at a local electronics store such as Radio Shack. The store should have them all in stock (except possibly the capacitor); if not, they will refer you to another for the missing parts. (Do not get paranoid if your name and address are asked; this is standard information for writing up sales receipts. But, if you're still concerned, have a phoney name and address ready.)

If you are not familiar with electronic components, you can ask for the parts by reading off the following list *verbatim* to the man at the counter. Do not hand him this article, since then he *may* become suspicious and report you to the fuzz. If you prefer to present a list of the parts, copy down the list below and hand him that.

Quantity	Description
1	0.47 microfarad mylar capacitor at 200 volts
1	5600 ohm resistor one half watt
1	single pole single throw (spst) momentary push-button switch. (The most convenient form of this is a simple doorbell button; it is referred to as such in the following instructions and drawings.)
1	single pole single throw (spst) toggle switch
1	a small plastic utility box large enough to put all of the parts with plenty of room for wiring the parts together; about 1½" x 4" x 2" will do very well.
	About 20 feet of insulated wire.



Try to remember which part is which since it will help save time during construction. Try to get both switches with screwdown type terminal connections, since this will make soldering unnecessary. (If you have a soldering iron and know how to use it, however, go ahead; you will get more durable connections.) Also, if you get a metal "experimenter box" instead of a plastic box, you will probably need a power drill to make the holes. The holes in the plastic box can be made with an ordinary sharp kitchen knife that tapers to a point. Just use it as if it were a drill; the hole gets bigger as the knife blade goes deeper and you stop when it reaches the desired size. If, as these directions assume, you use screwdown type terminals and a plastic box, the only tools you will need are the knife and a fairly small screwdriver.

Illustrations by Jim Parkinson

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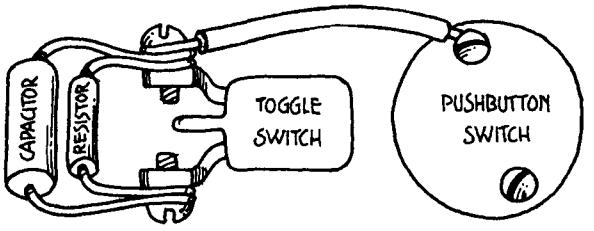
1. Make holes in the side of the box (which will be facing upward during use) for mounting the two switches. The size and location of the holes will depend upon the switches used. The toggle switch will usually require a single hole about ½ inch in diameter; the doorbell button will require two small holes for the mounting screws plus a central hole about ¼ inch in diameter to pass the wires through.

2. Make a small hole less than ¼ inch in diameter (it should be just big enough for 3 wires to go through and fit snugly) in the side of the box (facing away from you during use).

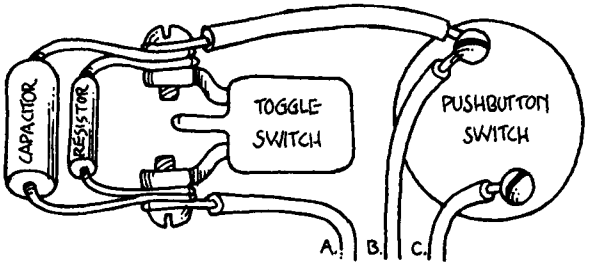


3. Take one wire from the resistor (the small part, usually brown, with the colored bands on it) and attach it to one of the terminals on the toggle switch; attach the other wire to the other terminal of the toggle switch. (Just wrap the wires around the terminal screws, but don't tighten them yet.)

4. Attach one wire from the capacitor (the large, usually yellow, part with the printing on one side) to one of the terminals on the toggle switch; attach the other wire to the other terminal on the toggle switch. (Again, just wrap them around, but don't tighten yet).

5. Cut a piece of wire 4 inches long and strip ½ inch of the insulation from each end.

6. Attach one end of the wire to either terminal of the toggle switch and tighten; thread the other end of the wire starting inside the box, and out through the central hole where the doorbell button will be mounted and attach it to one terminal of the doorbell button (but don't tighten yet).



7. Cut a 3- to 5-foot piece of wire (depending on how far you may want to keep the mute box from the phone) and attach one end of it to the terminal of the toggle switch which is *not* connected to the doorbell button (now you can tighten this terminal). Label this wire "A".

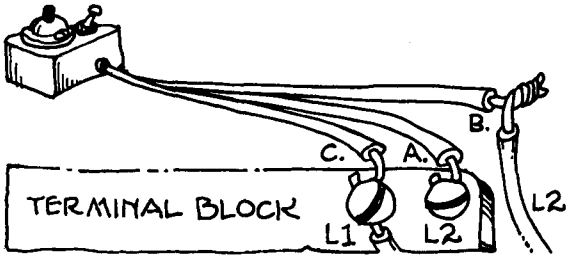
8. Cut off another 3- to 5-foot piece of wire, thread it through the hole where the doorbell button will be, attach it to the terminal of the doorbell button which is connecte dto the toggle switch and tighten. Label this wire "B".

9. Cut off a third 3- to 5-foot piece of wire, thread it through the hole under the doorbell button, and attach it to the terminal of the doorbell button to which you have so far connected no wires and tighten. Label this wire "C".

10. Attach the doorbell button to the box with its own mounting screws (probably two).

11. Mount the toggle switch into the box.

12. Take the free ends of the three wires and thread them through the hole in the side of the box and pull them out as far as they will go.



13. Take the cover off your phone. If it is a desk phone, there will be two screws on the bottom which hold the cover on (loosening the screws will free the cover; the screws do not come out). If it is a wall phone, there will be a catch on the bottom of the phone which releases the cover. Touchtone wall phones, princess phones, and trimline phones often have catches hidden under the tag which has your phone number on it. If not, look for hidden screws or catches. Some princess phones have screws recessed at each end of the bottom.

14. Run the three wires (A, B and C) into the phone through one of the holes on the back or bottom of the phone where they won't get in your way when using the phone, and pull them through far enough that you can connect them to any of the terminals on the terminal block where most of the wires in the phone come together.

15. Now do not be intimidated by the spaghetti dish of wiring and terminals you see. Only a small, identifiable portion concerns you. First orient yourself by seeing where the thick cable which connects the phone to the wall enters the phone. This cable contains usually 3 or 4 wires of different colors. Follow the plain green wire from this cable to the terminal on the terminal block to which it is connected. Attach your wire C to the same terminal (but do not disconnect the green wire from the terminal block).

For your reference, this terminal usually has a mark

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reading "LI" on or near it, and it is usually located at the lower left corner of the terminal block (the LI may be a tiny, almost illegible imprint raised in the plastic of the block). If your phone has several wires coming through the wall cable, including two-colored (striped) wires, then look for the terminal markings rather than the wire color. The same applies for step 16. (Incidentally some phones have a little map of the terminal block pasted inside the phone. This will also help you locate LI.)

One more note: On princess phones the green wire may lead you to a terminal tucked underneath one of the solid grey metal weights placed inside the phone at either end. Don't give up. This weight is not hooked up to anything; with a little wiggling and a screwdriver as a lever, you can pop it out, and replace it when you finish your work.

16. Locate the red wire that leads back to the wall. Follow this red wire to the terminal on the block to which it is connected (usually on the lower left corner of the block and usually labelled "L2").

17. Disconnect this red wire from the terminal block (noting the terminal it came from). Attach wire B to this red wire (not to the terminal), neither B nor the red wire will be reconnected to the terminal block. You should wrap a little tape or piece of band-aid around this connection.

18. Attach wire A to the terminal from which you just removed the red wire in the previous step.

19. Put the cover back on the phone and pull the three wires out of the phone as far as they will go without ripping them out. You can wrap the three wires together with tape to keep them neat.

* * *

YOU ARE NOW READY TO TEST your mute. Use the following test procedure (if any step fails, start at step 1 after making repairs).

1. Pick up your phone. If you get a dial tone throw the toggle switch to the other position. If you still have a dial tone, then you have a short circuit in your mute, and you will need to repair it. Label the position of the toggle switch which did not produce a dial tone "mute" for "muting position." Leave it in this position for step 2.

2. Push the doorbell button down: you should hear a click, and the background noise on the line should disappear. Hold the button down for several seconds and then let go: you should hear a short burst of dial tone. If you do not hear a click when you push the button, and a burst of dial tone when you release the button after holding it down for several seconds, you have a faulty circuit.

3. Throw the toggle switch into the non-mute position and listen. You should get a dial tone within a few seconds. If you do not get a dial tone, you will have to repair the mute since, without a dial tone, you will not be able to make outgoing calls on the phone.

4. To run a full-scale test on the mute, have a friend call you long distance at a pre-arranged time. When the phone rings, set the toggle switch to the muting position. Then pick up the phone: you should hear a loud buzz on the line every 6 seconds and you should be unable to converse with your friend. (If the line is clear and you can converse with your friend, then the mute is not working and he is being charged for the call.)

5. Push the doorbell down for a very short period of time NEVER to exceed ONE SECOND. The line should now be clear, and you can talk with your friend (the buzz will keep coming on at 6 second intervals); but, if the line doesn't clear and you can't hear him or he can't hear you, then the mute isn't working.

6. Tell your friend to hang up, but do not hang up yourself: if you get a dial tone within 30 seconds, the mute is not working and will need to be repaired.

7. Find out from your friend whether he got billed for the call (to be extra safe, wait two months.) If he didn't, your mute is working. Congratulations!!!

* * *

CAUTION: If you leave the toggle switch in the muting position when the box is not in use, it will mute the ringing of incoming calls. Be certain the toggle switch is in the muting position *before* answering a call you wish to mute. Do not push the doorbell for more than ONE SECOND. And do not tell curious friends what the device is. Also tell your friends who wish to make a muted call to you, only to direct dial, never to call you through an operator or from a pay phone when you will be using your mute.

* * *

DETECTION: The mute works by simulating a situation where phone A tries to call Phone B, and phone B doesn't answer. Thus, while you are talking, it is as if the caller were hanging on and letting the phone ring and ring. To detect the use of a mute, the phone company has to try to "zero in" on what appear to be attempted calls where the caller perisists in the attempt for an extraordinary length of time even though the call is not completed. (Anyone who has tried, for example, to get the information desk at a railroad terminal knows that this is sometimes a genuine occurrence.)

Because of the sheer volume of telephone calls and various technical difficulties such "zeroing in" has not proved to be very easy. There are a number of tests you can make to determine the kind of circuitry in your phone exchange and appropriate precautions you can take. But these are primarily for those who are going to engage in muted calls of considerable length. The simplest precaution, therefore, is to keep each muted call under 5 minutes, and, if you want to talk some more, have your friend hang up and call again. It would be irresponsible to pretend that all risk can be eliminated, but the safety record of such modest, under-5-minute muting has been very good. —R. OKLAHOMA

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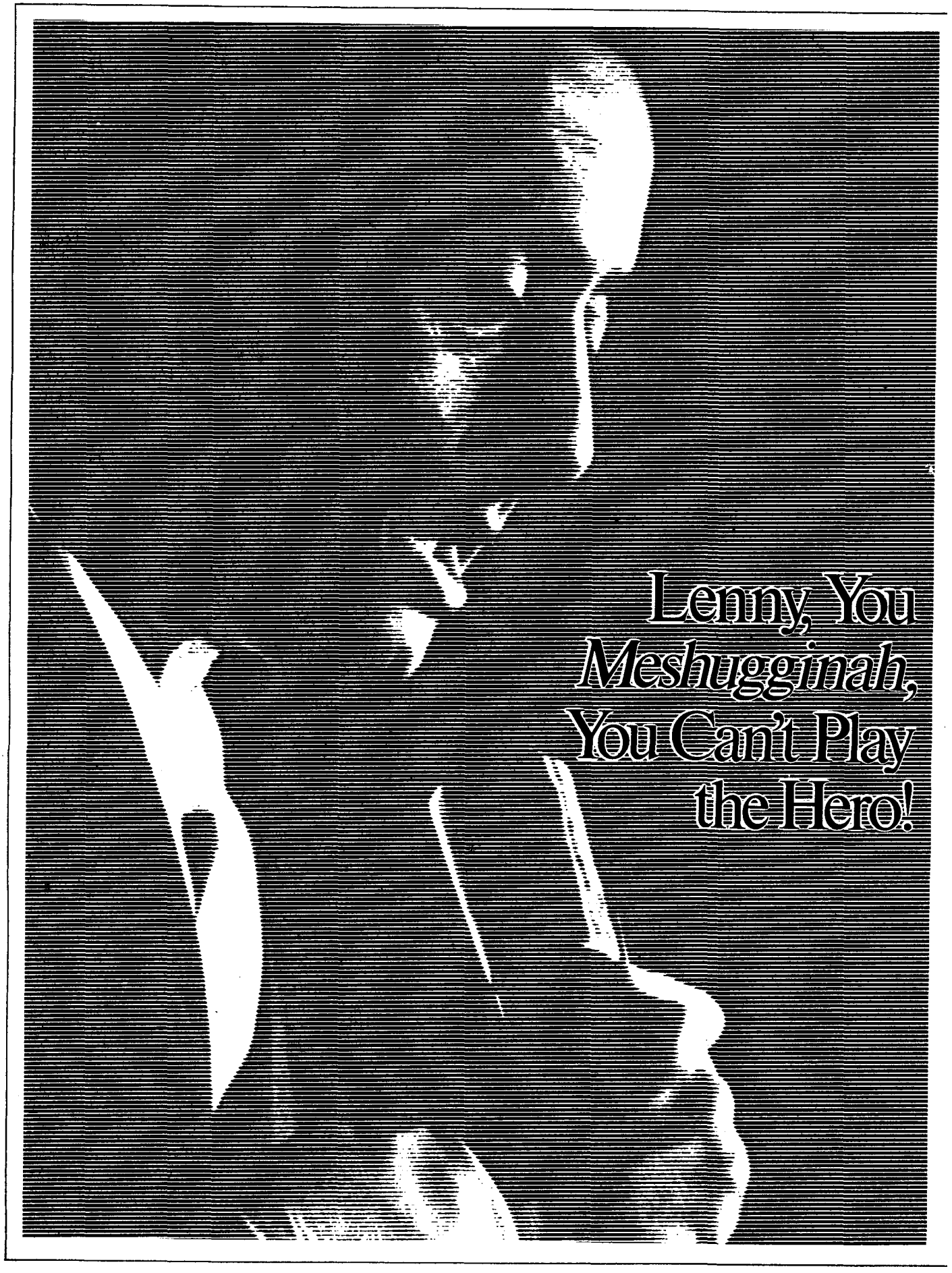

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LENNY BRUCE. GOOD LORD, how about that? Lenny Bruce is a culture hero. Not only that: Lenny Bruce is a culture hero to the wrong culture.

Allow me what I had thought was a meaningless memory. I moved to New York at the beginning of 1965 from a pleasant old San Francisco neighborhood—pretty good weather, near the park, an interesting smatter of political and/or intellectual types, inexpensive, and genuinely integrated—and moved back to the same neighborhood in mid-1966 to find that the Haight-Ashbury had become a place of wonder, in which strange-sounding musical groups with funny names (what does "Jefferson Airplane" *mean*?) played free every Sunday across the street from my window, marijuana circulated like chocolate in occupied Japan, and flowers and love really, if briefly, existed. You remember all that, and what happened to it.

I still have souvenirs, including two early Wes Wilson posters. One reads, "Bill Graham Presents In Concert LENNY BRUCE." It was his last appearance, but who knew that then?

I know what *I* was doing there. I'd simply moved back to my old neighborhood and found myself surrounded by the unknown and wondrous. But what the hell was Lenny doing there? And why did they love him, this over-40 veteran of the strip circuit and the sleazy clubs, who had become more or less famous without ever making it big?

What, in short, had—has—Lenny Bruce to do with Mr. Roszak's counter culture? I don't know whether Roszak mentions Lenny, since he, Roszak, has produced that unforgivable anomaly of linear culture, a seriously intended book without an index. Ginsberg and Watts he mentions, I remember, and I can dig *that* okay. But Lenny never, rigorously never, said "look away" or "look higher" or "deeper." Lenny always said "look squarely *at*." Tolkien, sure. Hesse, sure. Heinlein, fascist implications and all, sure; you remember about *that*, too. But Lenny.

Was it because Lenny had had a drug bust? Identification? Hell, Robert Mitchum had a drug bust. Why not Bill Graham Presents In Concert GENE KRUPA? And anyway Lenny never talked about "the psychedelic experience," or any of the rest of that mid-'60s Learyesque Huxterism that made such good songs for *Hair*.

Was it some prophetic quality? Ralph J. Gleason has suggested that. But he is even older than Lenny Bruce, and for all his fame as a writer about the rock culture he was never as good (forgive me, Ralph) as when he was writing about jazz and *its* culture. Because that was Ralph's culture, too; he didn't *report* it, he *lived* in it. And so did Lenny, that was *his* culture (yes, and mine too). "I don't understand Chubby Checker," Lenny says in the 1961 performance on this record; but he tells a joke about Gene Ammons.

No, not a prophet, I think.

Oh—the record. It's new from Fantasy, and it's called *Lenny Bruce Live at the Curran Theater* (which is in San Francisco), and it's not one record, it's three, because he talked for more than three hours and Fantasy cut it down only as far as two hours, 26 minutes. So depending on your discount outlet it's maybe nine or ten or eleven bucks or something, probably higher than lower. But it has this going for it: It is the absolute, complete, quintessential Lenny Bruce. It's all here and it's all you need, and if you start to listen to just the start you're going to get very frustrated, because you won't want to stop listening. If he is a legend for any reason beyond the kind of historical quirk that makes us remember, say, Will Kempe, then that reason is on this record.

Yes, but still, why now? Or why in that flower-entwined microworld of 1966, two months before Lenny died? Not for being "one of us," certainly. I am 45 and if Lenny were alive he would be two years older, which can be called damned near 50—Depression-raised like me, grown up pre-Bomb like me, remembering Hitler as I do not in an old movie or a history book but on yesterday's front page. I mean, I guess: He was *my* brother; but how was he theirs?

There is politics. We have said "counter culture" and mentioned flowers and love, but we have not mentioned politics.

Well: Lenny was against The Establishment, I suppose. And he was a forerunner, a pioneer. I cannot imagine there having been a Dick Gregory ("having been" because he is not a comic any more) had Lenny Bruce not gone before. But there are a lot of pioneers. Finley Peter Dunne was a pioneer, and so—oh, yes!—was Bob Hope, once. Justice Douglas wrote that he used Hope jokes as political guide, when everyone else was afraid to make political jokes.

No, you see (or, rather, you hear), Lenny Bruce was, in counter culture terms, politically naive. He was at best an outraged civil libertarian. He was to political humor what Aileen Hernandez is to radical feminism, what George McGovern is to the anti-war movement. Good, sometimes; sometimes *very* good; but not where it is.

Let us, then, in search, range backward. Possibly we can find a prophecy after all. For despite all these reservations, all these yes-buts, we feel somehow that Lenny is not, really, miscast in this hero's role, the armor fits, the incongruous lance manages to look right a-couch and ready.

1961, this recording is—after (right after) a phony drug bust in Philly and a ludicrous, though legally important, obscenity bust in San Francisco. Two acquittals, by the way. After the busts, it is, but before most of the harassment and general shit that turned his later performances into something more like secular sermons than comedy: fascinating or dull, important or inconsequential, but rarely, idolaters to the contrary, funny. This recording is *funny*.

So: 1961. Freedom riders, sit-ins—but no whites yet pouring into the South, not yet that part of the movement. No hippies. No hair. No Beatles. A brand new shining John F. Kennedy (no murders, no, not for a long generation, not at all in anyone's mind), and something strange in a weird place called Laos, but who knew about it? What was there, what that would later touch a flower child, a radical, a leftist European visitor, a disillusioned intellectual?

One thing I remember, in 1960, and also in San Francisco (one of the two busts, this recording, the Haight: Was Lenny Bruce in some mystic way a

by Gene Marine

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San Franciscan? Yes, yes, and that's another essay and unimportant, because that San Francisco is not there now, or anyway it's down to the last knock of the auctioneer's gavel). The House Un-American Activities Committee came to town, and all of a sudden The Silent Generation was shouting in an angry anguish and all of a sudden there was born, on Van Ness Avenue and on Polk Street and *not*, friends and cultural historians, four years later in Berkeley, something called the student movement.

The first postwar police riot against what was not yet called The Movement. All but forgotten now, even unknown to the young. Foreshadowed perhaps by the execution of Caryl Chessman and a stirring of protest there, a month before. Followed as inevitably as Dorothy's trek down the Yellow Brick Road by the trek to Mississippi and Georgia and to the vast and metaphorically nationwide crowd that surrounded the police car and wouldn't let them take Jack Weinberg to the Berkeley jail in 1964, and from then on we all know the story.

But, you see, it had begun; and when it began was just when (by accident? are there accidents?) it became Lenny Bruce's world. Or, rather: The world that a startled and midthirtyish Lenny Bruce, stock Jewish comic coming up the dingy strip-joint ladder, had suddenly seen, had begun in excited outrage to talk about, became just suddenly, and independently, visible to a whole segment of society.

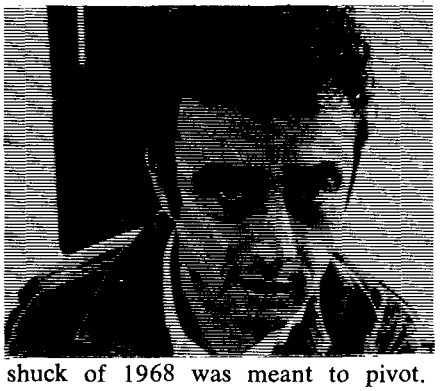
The Lie. That's what he calls it on the record: the whole thing, the whole plasticized formalized routinized *megillah* from the judge's robes to your mother's saying "ca-ca" when she means "shit" (or "feces" if you want; don't interrupt).

He says on the recording: "What I want to tell you is: The Lie." And he tells it, in hilarious detail. More than that. He says, suppose into this Lie, this massive institutional agreed-upon Lie, you insert your own private absurd lie for The Lie to deal with—what would happen? And he makes up, the private absurd lies (there is an almost unlistenably funny section in which he inserts into his own trial a pair of imaginary defense attorneys), and sometimes describes the ensuing chaos and sometimes, because at what he does he is an artist, by dictionary and not show-biz definition, he simply leaves you to imagine your own result until you can't visualize any more for your own laughter.

But like all comedians he is serious. Camus, for instance, though I admit Camus is weak at one-liners.

And so, perhaps, it is the simplest form of unity of all, this obvious unity of Lenny Bruce and whatever you want to call this "counter culture": the beloved mechanism of the socially conscious science fiction writers of Lenny's 1950s, the unity of the common enemy. In this case: hypocrisy. The Lie.

Surely the common focal point for The Movement at its beginning, despite a thousand differences to be hammered out and a hundred yet unresolved. Surely the shared denominator on which the Hoffman-Krassner-Rubin



shuck of 1968 was meant to pivot. Surely the thing we all sense that somehow links the dropout apolitical do-your-thing hippie freak with the dedicated and communal revolutionary. Not pot. Not rock. Not a congruent mystic communion with Volkswagen buses. Recognition of, opposition to, hatred for, refusal to participate in The Lie.

And if that is a common altar, then it is also one at which some older folks, some of the Depression and World War II and pre-Bomb people, can worship, which explains some otherwise difficult Ginsbergs and Vonneguts and Pynchons and (yes) Woodrow Wilson Hermans.

Which is a good place to stop, except for one thing. Except that there is, I'm sorry, one sly, sneaky difference.

It is one thing to see hypocrisy, to perceive The Lie, and to point it out—or, if you are a comic artist, to point it out hilariously. But there is a touch more to the late Lenny than that. It's right on Side One of this set.

They used to give him a bad time for talking about his own experiences (his detractors called it "whining"), but he said, no, wait. It is only, he said, that I can't help it, I see all these things with an eye for the ludicrous, and I want to share that with you.

Ludicrous. The philosophical term. Albert, Jean-Paul, Henri, Simone, is "absurd." Yes.

It is important, it is in a whole generation an enormous breakthrough, to see angrily or wearily the hypocrisy of a cigarette-smoking, Scotch-drinking authority figure talking about marijuana, of a locker-room male world prosecuting dirty movies. It is another thing entirely, another step and one taken by very few, to perceive absurd-surdity. Because absurdity—ludicrousness, if you want, in exactly Lenny's sense—is no respecter of cultures.

It lurks, grinning and waiting, in the stack of rock records, in the open and honest collective confrontation, in the intensity of the revolutionary commune. The Lie is the culture in which we live; that fact makes Lenny Bruce a culture hero. There is no counter culture Lie, no single web of institutional hypocrisy simultaneously to anger and to tickle a 1972 Lenny Bruce.

But there is enough *absurdity* to notice—oh, far more than enough. And Lenny looked always *at*—never at abstract meanings or at higher goals, but at what *is*. If you believe that you can tell a dirty toilet joke, then you must have a dirty toilet.

If Lenny Bruce had lived to see the culture, he would not be—could not have become—its hero. He could be the hero of no culture in which he lived. Posthumous sainthood, as Shaw among others saw, comes only to those whom the living could not face; Lenny was, in fact, one of those rare humans too sane to be allowed freedom.

Buy the record set if you can afford it; and if you can, for it takes courage, try sometimes to imagine how it would be to have Lenny Bruce look at the world in which *you* live. I think, though I am not sure, that that is a healthy exercise. ■

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Records

"BABBACOMBE" LEE, Fairport Convention [*A&M*]

IN FEBRUARY 23, 1885, a chilly Monday morning in the midst of Victoria's long reign, there occurred one of the most bizarre incidents in the history of penology. The central characters were a young convict named John Lee and a professional executioner by the name of Berry. The scene was the courtyard of Exeter Prison.

Lee had been tried on the second through fourth of February for the murder of his employer, the elderly spinster Emma Anne Whitehead Keyse, at her home in the village of Babbacombe, where Lee, his stepsister Elizabeth Harris, and two other women worked as servants.

Miss Keyse was wealthy and socially prominent, was personally acquainted with the Queen and had been visited by Prince Albert. On the morning of November 14, 1884, Miss Keyse had been stabbed or hacked to death and a fire started near her body. Lee found the body, the room filling rapidly with stifling smoke; he smashed a window to get air, then ran for assistance.

Almost immediately he was himself arrested for the murder. He was tried three months later in the court of Justice Manisty, prosecuted by a Mr. Collins, Queen's Counsel, and was supposed to be defended by a Member of Parliament, Mr. St. Aubyn, but St. Aubyn was ill and sent his brother to serve in his place.

The trial commenced on Monday morning, February 2, 1885. It lasted three days. Lee was not permitted to testify. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. His only statement, following the trial, was his insistence that he was innocent.

He was taken to Exeter prison where he was guarded by teams of warders on round-the-clock shifts. He was visited by a clergyman whose only message was to urge confession; still Lee insisted that he was innocent. He wrote letters to his parents in Abbotskerwell, where his father worked as a clay-miner and small farmer, and to his sweetheart Katie Farmer.

On the night of February 22, the night before his scheduled execution, he experienced a prophetic dream: he seemed to witness his own execution the next morning, but a mysterious figure at his side assured him that no harm could come to him.

In the morning he was led to the gallows; *en route* he felt that he recognized the setting and path from the strange dream. He was placed on the scaffold, his hands and feet strapped, a hood drawn over his head and the noose placed around his neck. The executioner Berry whispered an assurance that all would be over quickly and without pain.

The switch was pulled, the trap descended a couple of inches leaving Lee "dancing on his toes" but uninjured. Warders pounded and jumped on the trap. It would not open.

Lee was led aside and left standing while the executioner and his helpers checked out the mechanism. All seemed in order. Lee was brought back and stood on the trap. Again the switch was pulled, again the trap fell only by inches, again Lee was unharmed.

After some consultation it was determined that the wood had swelled from rain. Carpenter's tools were brought and the trap was planed back.

Berry apologized to Lee for the repeated ordeal, promised him again that this time things would work properly. Lee was placed on the trap, Berry pulled the switch, the trap sank a few inches and Lee was unharmed for the third time!

That was all anyone could stand. He was taken away and put back in his cell. The governor of the prison consulted with Parliament and the Government, and Lee's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. He was transferred to Portland prison; twenty years later he was furloughed to spend Christmas with his mother, and three years later was released.

He still maintained his innocence.

A brief autobiography published in *Lloyd's Weekly News* (perhaps with the assistance of a ghost) suggests in a stolid way, that Lee felt he had been preserved by God because of his lack of guilt. He discussed the murder itself, and offered fairly convincing evidence that Miss Keyse had been murdered by the unidentified lover of Lee's step-sister Elizabeth Harris, who had been pregnant at the time of the murder.

The story of "Babbacombe" Lee contains enough drama and pathos for a brigade of men and women; it has been the basis of one film and is now the subject matter of a hugely effective song-cycle by Fairport Convention.

The album is not as easily accessible as the Top 40 tunes that blare at us from radio, but it bears repeated listening and has the immensely important virtue of becoming more rewarding with each repeated play. It's a piece that you can live with, that reveals increasing richness and achieves heightened impact with each listening.

The sound is neither as rich nor as aggressively powerful as is the best all-out rock, but Fairport Convention has never been an all-out rock and roll band. Like the Incredible String Band they have drawn from their beginnings on a number of streams, on country and folk themes as well as contemporary popular music.

From the outset in 1966 they have recorded songs by Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan, original compositions, and traditional English tunes.

The singing on their albums has always had the sound of country ballads

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rather than rock belting. The instrumentation has varied widely; on *"Babbacombe" Lee* it includes guitar, dulcimer, piano, violin, mandolin, bass and drums. The violin part of the song describing Lee's prophetic dream (played by Dave Swarbrick) is nothing short of hypnotic.

This is an album in which content and expression are wedded to perfection. The meaning and the impact of Lee's ordeal haunt the listener; the music itself has a low-keyed insinuating quality that draws the mind to it in odd moments and that rewards the ear unceasingly.

It also marks the departure from the band of Simon Nicol, the last of Fairport Convention's founding members to remain. Fairport has ranged in size from four to six members, various combinations of men and women, and has produced such musicians as Sandy Denny who left to found Fotheringay and later perform as a single, and Ian Matthews who started Southern Comfort before moving on to greener pastures.

In all its various configurations Fairport has released a total of seven albums; due to the peculiarities of recording rights the first of them is available in the U.S. on Cotillion, all the others on A&M. All are worth hearing, but *"Babbacombe" Lee* is by far their peak achievement.

What will be interesting to observe is whatever *next* emerges from the group. Nicol has already been replaced (by Roger Hill, a musician with roots in traditional and modern blues) and three of the four musicians on the Lee album remain, so there is a distinct line of continuity. But while many if not most bands undergo some personnel changes over a period of years, I know of none that has seen a complete turnover and survived.

The changes in Fairport have been so gradual, however, that there seems a good chance of the group's continued artistic and commercial success.

RECENT AND NOTEWORTHY:

CAT MOTHER [*Polydor*]. This album was reviewed (favorably) in the January RAMPARTS, but its release was held up by production problems and cover art. It has now been released, to coincide with the return of Cat Mother from a European tour. (And the cover, based on an original wood carving by John Chamberlin, is a work of art itself.)

FEEDBACK, Spirit [*Epic*]; JO JO GUNNE [*Asylum*]. After four good-to-excellent albums. Spirit has split into groups. Ed Cassidy and John Locke, joined by Al and Chris Staehely, have retained the name Spirit and their first release with the new personnel continues the fine, spacey, rich sound of the earlier group. Jay Ferguson and Mark Andes, joined by Andes' brother Matthew and Curley Smith, have a simpler, more rocking sound as Jo Jo Gunne, not unpleasant but to my ear not up to that Spirit.

HELLBOUND TRAIN, Savoy Brown [*London*]. Savoy Brown has a long career as a good, competent, solid blues band with rock overtones. Their latest release rocks more than earlier ones, and does so with great success. This could be a major sleeper album—it doesn't jump up and sock you, but ten minutes after it's begun you start to think *Wow, this is really good stuff,* and by the time it's over you want to hear it again!

HEAVY TURBULENCE, Merl Saunders [*Fantasy*]. Super-pleasant laid back soul-jazz-rock with Saunders on keyboards, Jerry Garcia's guitar. Tom Fogerty, John Gahn, Bill Vitt, and others. Saunders uses his sidemen to maximum effect, the sound is that of a *band* rather than a "star" with some folks vamping quietly in the background and it makes a whole lot of difference.

BURGERS, Hot Tuna [*Grunt*]. With the Airplane in near retirement Hot Tuna have come out of their parent group's shadow and gained increasing recognition as a compelling, dynamic band. Their material ranges from laid-back acoustic to all-out driving rock; their third album tends toward the latter and it's a joy to hear.

—DICK LUPOFF

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BANKRUPTCY *(From page 14)*

do this, not because they are playing on some irrational notion, but because they accept the very reasonable supposition that, as long as labor is necessary, he who eats should also work.

All the semi-guru babble about "post scarcity society" won't change in the slightest the plight of the average man or woman in this society, nearly sixty percent of whom continue to work with their hands at dull, meaningless, repetitive jobs. Naturally, these working people resent this. And the political result is anti-welfare rebellion and *voluntary* support for a populist right-winger like Governor Wallace. Anti-welfare sentiment also derives from an inequitable property-tax system, one which has imposed increasingly heavy burdens on middle income people, to support programs that should be funded by more progressive income taxes. As long as this inequity exists, working people will feel strong pressure to eliminate those parts of government spend-

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ing that benefit them least—and they perceive welfare as a prime candidate.

Being a hustler is quite different from being a revolutionary, and the rip-off mentality is much closer to crime than to social change. People deserve meaningful work and the opportunity to find true fulfillment in their lives—to the extent that counter-culture people are trying to enunciate these needs, they are on good grounds. But no one has the right to benefit off of the work of others—while refusing to make any contribution in return. If the people involved could truthfully say that, while they refused to lend their labor power to an exploitative system, they were really spending all of their time in a struggle for serious social change, they might have a claim to benefitting from food stamps, etc., even while refusing conventional work forms. But when people say that their very existence is revolutionary, that their pilgrimage to self-indulgence and good vibes is itself their social contribution, they fool no one. The left would do well to dissociate itself from these people, discriminate sharply between those who can't find work and those who consciously and joyously are freeloading, and urge the latter to leave food stamps for those who really need them.

—SHELDON HEUCHLER

FREE *(From page 15)*

promising for the future than even you politicos have with your action-directed programs. It seems clear to me that the old time religion is no longer good enough and never will be the same again whether wrapped in the rhetoric of Calvin or of Mother Hen. The nobility of work, the virtue of discipline and self denial, and the effectiveness of material incentives are all bankrupt notions and not just in the mind of the junky/freak people, but in the minds of a goodly share of an entire population. And *nota bene*, my friend, who's really undermining the system? The self-righteous, short-haired leafletter at the factory gate? Or the long-haired Lordstown worker, too stoned to make it through the gate: the guy whose sagging productivity has GM bosses mumbling to themselves.

Hippie ethics are subversive, work ethics are supportive of the present system. It is clearly true, Heuchler. And it's equally true that work ethics are supportive of a socialist system and that laziness would, under socialism, be a social crime. But, until the revolution comes, let 'er rip (off).

Heuchler is right again when he says that rip-off angers the dominant powers, whose retaliation leads to anti-welfare rebellion, tax protest, and even worse their usual hastling of the deserving poor. That is true and it's bad. But why are we to be held responsible for the irrationality of others?

Thousands of straight people don't work—millions in fact. Think of that reserve army of underemployed labor power maintained by privilege alone. Those professors who hustle less for their $20,000 than I for my $3000 a year and all those lawyers, professionals, intellectuals, writers. Measure for me their contribution to the GNP, if you can. Now that I mention it, you political types are not usually Stakhanovites yourselves. Sure I know a few

(Continued on page 64)

"With devastating documentation Tom Hayden draws the circle from Wounded Knee to My Lai."
—Jack Newfield

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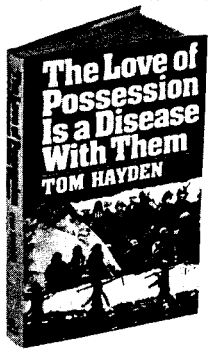

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THE LOVE OF POSSESSION IS A DISEASE WITH THEM
by Tom Hayden

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Berkeley movement heavies who have gone to work in the factories, but for every one of them I will finger you five who shuffle around with manila folders under their arms eternally going to a meeting. If I tail along to a few meetings with you guys, then is it OK if I cop the food stamps?

And finally—how come white hippie children get judged differently from black folk. Malcolm hustled in the streets and justified it as a way of life. You never preached at him or at Seale nor at any black; are they nobler savages? Is theirs a romantic life while mine is a betrayal of my class? Why can't white people choose to be poor?

—Bob Cratchit

Letters

[THE PILL CONTROVERSY]

EDITORS:

It was with dismay that we read in the February edition of Ramparts Frances Lang's article entitled "The Sickle Cell and the Pill." That article suggested that oral contraception provides exceptional risk to women with any of the sickle cell disorders, including sickle cell trait, sickle cell anemia and sickle cell-hemoglobin C disease. On the basis of our study of the available medical literature, we believe that the Pill does not provide additional risk to women with the most common hemoglobin abnormality, sickle cell trait.

Attempting to demonstrate once more the corruption of capitalist medicine, Lang allowed political theory to dominate her medical judgment where she should have used political theory to inform that judgment. Lang extrapolated wholly inaccurate conclusions from two limited, mediocre medical papers and used extensive quotations from the "experts" who composed those papers. Readers with only this information will subsequently make incorrect health decisions in their own individual human situations. Such confusion among the people serves to strengthen the position of establishment medicine.

The racism of American medicine is witnessed by the significant lack of research into the various sickle cell disorders which afflict only black people. It is this lack of research that makes it impossible for us or for Frances Lang to make definitive statements about the use of the Pill by women with sickle cell trait, sickle cell anemia or sickle cell-hemoglobin C disease. Even so, some medical research on sickle cell and oral contraception has been published and we must consider this information carefully and critically.

a. The article fails to differentiate clearly between sickle cell trait (HbSA), sickle cell anemia or disease (HbSS) and sickle cell-hemoglobin C disease (HbSC). Women with the common sickle cell trait are led to make personal health decisions on the basis of questionable findings from women with the far more serious and rare sickle cell-hemoglobin C disease;

b. The article draws its main conclusions from two medical papers (JAMA 200:994, 1967 and Conn Med 35:231, 1971), reporting a total of three cases of possible complications to the Pill. Two of the three women involved had sickle cell-hemaglobin C disease and were particularly susceptible to the complications they experienced;

c. Lang omits the fact that all three women involved were taking high estrogen or sequential oral contraceptives. Most women taking the Pill today are (or should be) on low

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dose medication (0.05 mg estrogen per pill). The metabolic effects of high dose and sequential pills are not the same as the effects of low dose medication;

d. The article misrepresents the British studies on the risk of thromboembolism (blood clotting) in Pill users and grossly exaggerates the risk of masculinization of female fetuses carried by women who mistakenly continue oral contraception during pregnancy. Lang also makes misleading statements about the cancer-stimulating effects of diethylstilbestrol and implies that women taking the Pill receive this kind of estrogen. Diethylstilbestrol is not used in any brand of birth control pill;

e. Lang fails to place the risks of oral contraception in the context of existing health realities. The food we eat, the air we breathe, the cars we drive in, the cigarettes so many of us continue to smoke—all these individually provide terrifically greater dangers; for working people and the poor, medical care is so bad that the physical dangers of capitalist society are all the more extreme. To tell a working class or poor black woman that oral contraception provides "risk" belies a certain class conceit.

In all the work that we undertake, it is not sufficient to be "red," it is also necessary to be "expert." That this principle is not adhered to by all radical health workers is painfully obvious in many cities. In some community and youth clinics, middle class, supposedly "radical," health workers dispense bad medicine to their working class and poor patients. Untrained, unsupervised, ego-tripping medical students use diagnostic techniques they are not familiar with; there is a lack of adequate testing facilities, sterility, records and so on. This kind of medicine does not instill confidence in our abilities among those whom we wish to serve. If our political aim is to serve the people and at the same time organize for social progress, bad medicine is bad politics. Correct political theory and human compassion, although essential, cannot eliminate the need for medical expertise which must be of the highest quality. We must know medicine better than our enemies and provide excellent, not just adequate, health care to those who will never be served by capitalist medicine.

—Donna Cherniak and Allan Feingold
Co-editors-in-chief
Birth Control Handbook

(For those interested in the medical details of the influence of oral contraception on sickle cell trait, sickle cell anemia and sickle cell-hemoglobin C disease, we have prepared an analysis of the available medical literature. For a copy of this paper, please write to:
P.O. Box 1000, station G,
"Sickle Cell"
Birth Control Handbook
Montréal, 130, Québec)

(Cherniak and Feingold have considerably distorted my argument. I did not attempt to make a definitive statement about the relationship among birth control pills, sickling disorders, and blood clots; instead I attempted to explore a medical dilemma about which little has been published but which has aroused the concern of physicians who specialize in sickle cell disorders. I clearly distinguish between the different effects of the pill on sickle cell anemia and sickle cell trait. I wrote, "Sickle cell trait may leave those who bear it entirely free of symptoms. . . . Physicians who interdict use of the pill in conjunction with sickle cell disease are generally uncertain about whether the sickle cell trait as well renders the pill particularly dangerous."

Drs. Greenwald, Haynes and Dunn, whose medical papers I quoted, did write primarily of their experience with patients suffering from Hemoglobin C disease; however, Dr. Greenwald and other physicians with whom I spoke expressed concern about prescribing birth control pills to women with other sickle cell disorders as well.

Cherniak and Feingold express equal distress about my mention of the tendency for birth control pills to heighten the risk of thrombembolism in all women. The 1967 British study I quoted *states that women taking oral contraceptives run a "slightly increased risk of developing blood clots." Since publication of that study, much more evidence demonstrating this correlation has accumulated. Even Cherniak and Feingold, in their longer analysis of the Pill, write, "The risk of thromboembolism is slightly increased .[But] the benefits of the Pill . . . when taken as directed, outweigh the dangers."*

It would seem that Cherniak and Feingold feel that black people need birth control so desperately that any dangers the Pill bears for them are insignificant in comparison. They also seem to believe that evidence about the possible danger of birth control pills should be withheld from blacks unless it is absolutely conclusive, implying that anything short of definitive information will only confuse them.

The "misleading statements" about the cancer-stimulating effects of diethylstilbestrol and the estrogen found in birth control pills were made by a physician testifying before the House Intergovernmental Relations Subcommittee. He was asked, "To your knowledge, have any of the contraceptives on the market today been shown to be carcinogenic?" He replied, "Yes . . . because they had synthetic estrogen and . . . any estrogen of these strains will be carcinogenic."

My attempt to report the dialogue and research, now being published in medical journals about oral contraceptives seriously challenges the belief that the benefits of the Pill far outweigh the dangers. It would seem that the dismay Cherniak and Feingold express about my article is based less on its alleged inaccuracy than on the fact that it was written at all.

—Frances Lang)

[AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU]

EDITORS:

I have noted that you are now carrying an advertisement that "Australia Wants You! ! !" As an immigrant of one year's residence, I would like to warn any would-be immigrant from America of the current situation here.

There is currently an army of unemployed young people traveling around Australia in search of non-existent jobs. Australia's boom has turned sour. Even in boom times most unskilled work in the cities paid 50 to 60 Australian dollars a week and many workers can only make ends meet by moonlighting or working large amounts of overtime. And, contrary to what the consulate told me, prices are uniformly higher here than in America.

Politically concerned persons should especially beware coming "Down Un-

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der" as the apathy of Australians is stultifying. There are some small pockets of awareness in Sydney and one or two other capital cities but even there information is difficult to obtain. Even the much-vaunted newspaper *The Australian* carries very little foreign news or even in-depth domestic news.

I have met many Americans who have immigrated but only one who intends to stay. If an immigrant comes with "assisted passage" from the government, he must repay the money if he leaves within two years. *In effect, Australia is still populating the continent with prisoners.*

—James Loughery
Kalgoorlie, Western Australia

CANDIDATES *(from page 12)*

by access to money and the U.S. bombing threat. If they make their concession first, by releasing the POWs before a coalition forms, our concession will never be made. But, once a coalition is formed, they would have to make their concession good because the POWs would then be a liability, a political basis for new U.S. attacks. The Nine Points call for this timetable: we stop supporting the Saigon regime, allowing it to collapse, at that point the process of coalition will begin along with a cease-fire, U.S. withdrawal and return of POWs.

That is the significance of their including a cessation of support for Saigon, as well as withdrawal of troops, as conditions for the POW release. So when the doves gloss over the question of economic aid as a purely humanitarian, politically incidental problem, they are placing a serious obstacle in the way of peace, and they are evading the demands of true withdrawal from Vietnam.

The one question of the seven not yet covered, question 5, though rather inconclusive is nevertheless illuminating on this point.

5. Shall withdrawal of U.S. forces include withdrawal of any or all of the military equipment bases, supplies, and reserves now being transferred to the Saigon regime, or are these to be looked on as Vietnamese and therefore immune to withdrawal? If any of this material is to be withdrawn, what? How much?

CHISHOLM:

5. I believe that total immediate withdrawal of all U.S. manpower to be the imperative priority. The usage of residual equipment bases, supplies, etc., should be left open to negotiation only after that first priority has been achieved.

HUMPHREY:

5. I have sponsored Senate Bill S2985 which would halt such giveaways of military materiel in Indochina not authorized by Congress.

McGOVERN:

5. We should withdraw that portion of military equipment which costs less to transport than to replace.

MUSKIE:

5. Although the United States would naturally withdraw much of the equipment its forces have been using in Vietnam, dismantling all bases built by the United States and withdrawing all American weapons would not be practicable. Nor would a commitment to do so serve any real purpose. It assumes that we and the North Vietnamese can settle all of the issues of the war between us. This issue would become academic in the context of a political settlement worked out by the Vietnamese themselves. As I have said we should urge such a settlement.

All the answers missed the intended point. The candidates deal with the residue of equipment still in U.S. hands next January 20. The question meant to point to the fact that arms, which even now are still American, are being given and transferred to the Saigon army and will be magically transformed into indigenous Vietnamese resources by the time the candidates' promise of withdrawal comes due. Of course it was a question that could not really be confronted because how could they answer? How far back does one draw the line? It was *all* American once, and that reveals the key point about a true withdrawal: It still is, that government which we called into being to serve us. We gave it its constitution and its political police, its bureaucracy and its corruption. Its leaders are our viceroys, its armies our mercenaries. Even though the last GI may ship out and President Thieu may be discarded, it stands as the corner-

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stone of our intervention, the creature of our aggression, the fruit of genocide.

That is why we have a responsibility to cut off its support and undo its power. That is also why the most dovish candidates may balk at cutting off economic aid, because to do that is to deny its legitimacy, to renounce our control, to admit defeat.

At this writing the results of the offensive launched in early April are still undetermined. For radicals there is always a tendency, especially because they understand its illegitimacy, to dismiss the client government as weak, corrupt and doomed. Thus one may speculate that the issue of cutting off economic aid will be swept aside by the liberation armies. But speculation is not politics, and the political point at least must be made. Moreover, to take the passive attitude of a football fan exhilarated by a winning team would be callous and destructive. These are costly victories and the price of every victory is increased by the torpor of the anti-war movement at home. And, finally, the measures of victory may be far from clear. Eventually a new government may well be forced into being, but it will represent a complex resolution of victories and defeats, military and political, in Vietnam and in the United States.

For the Presidential Peace Candidates the fundamental question in Vietnam is the same as it has been since the U.S. first subverted the Geneva Accords of 1954 (after paying 80 percent of the cost of the French war). Does the peace candidate propose now to make our intervention cheaper, cleaner, less direct, to salvage the instruments of our control, to leave an opening for a resurgence of our power? Or will he really turn his back on the savage 20-year attempt at American dominion? ■

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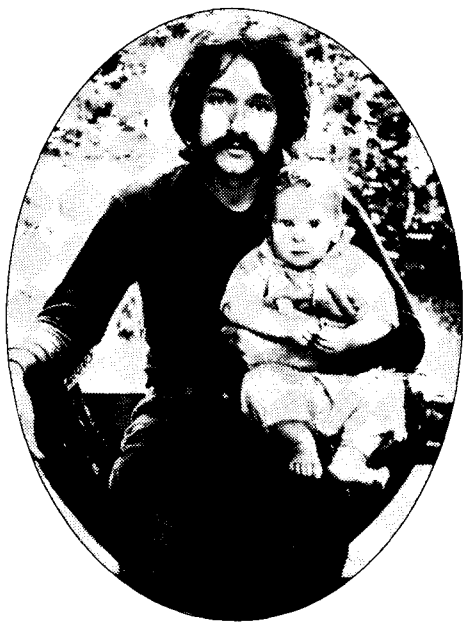

Illustrated is Mr. Jesse Colin Young, of Point Reyes Station, Ca. In public life, Mr. Young is a singer and composer and musician, center of a musical quartet known as the Youngbloods.

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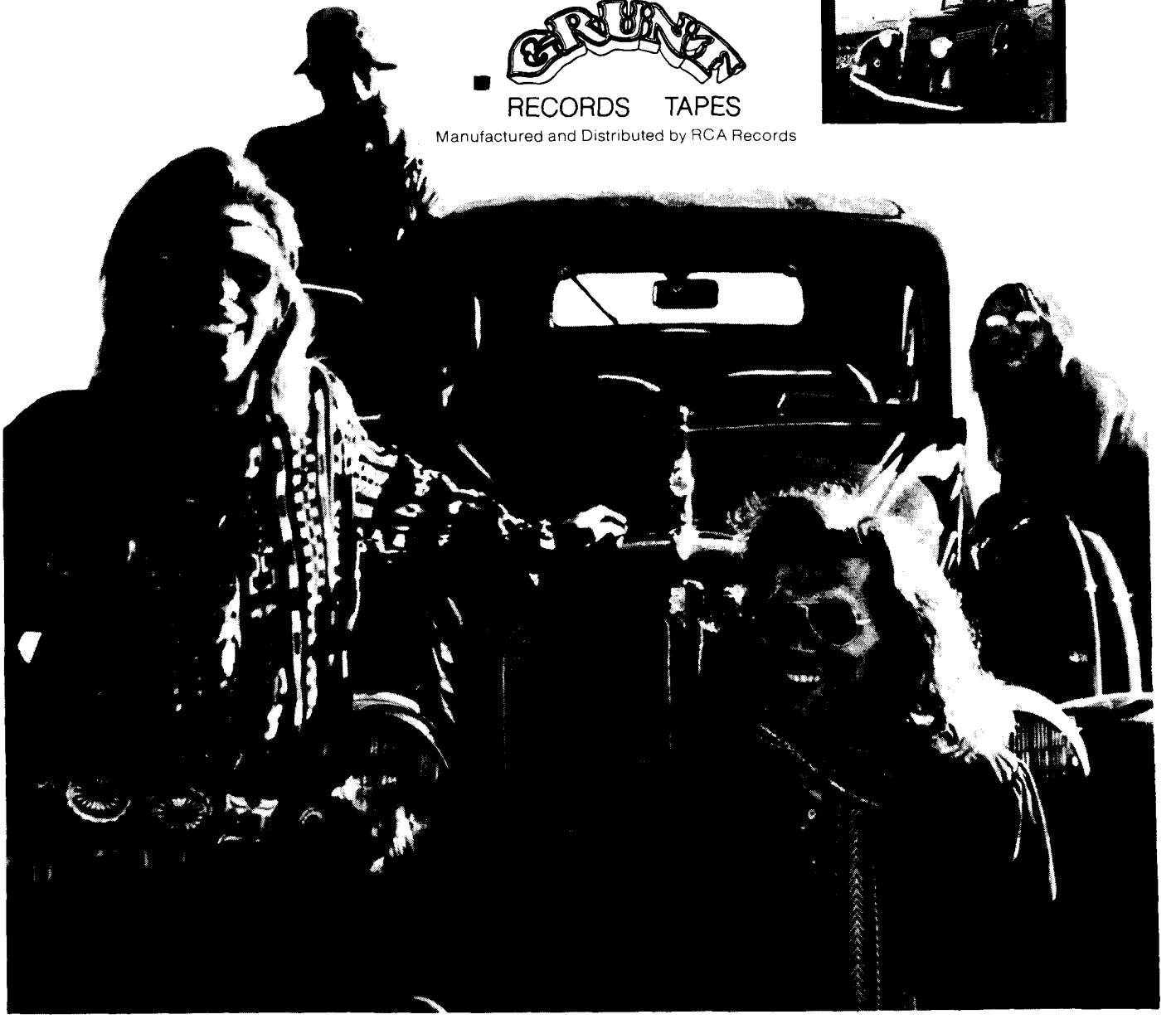

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